Practical Papers on Parish Problems

W. A. Granger

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By
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TO

The Woman

WHO FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS
HAS SHARED IN A SYMPATHETIC
AND HELPFUL WAY
ALL MY TOILS AND TRIUMPHS WITHOUT
EVER NEGLECTING HER DUTIES AS A
WIFE AND MOTHER
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

FOREWORD

This book will prove immensely valuable to pastors and to Christian workers of every class. The author has been for eleven years the honored president of the New York Baptist State Convention, and has a remarkably intimate knowledge of the churches that constitute the Convention. These churches number nearly a thousand, city and country, big and little, rich and poor. In all of them Doctor Granger is at home, and in many of them he is counted a valuable counselor. Before entering this general work, the author served city and country churches with marked ability and preeminent success. No living man has a profounder interest in our church life or a keener appreciation of our problems than the author of this book.

This is not a volume of dry statistics, nor a scientific survey of church conditions. It is a volume of charmingly written articles full of common sense and sage philosophy.

Keen analysis, wide observation, and a remarkable memory for interesting facts are everywhere evident. The author has thought through many of our difficulties and problems, and here, in a fresh and interesting way, he gives us his conclusions. The book will be delightful and stimulating reading to Christian workers "in harness," and it is finely adapted to the needs of theological students who are soon to put on "the harness." It might well be studied in the classrooms of every seminary in America.

Several chapters of this book appeared as articles in "The Watchman-Examiner." The eagerness with which they were read suggested the publication of the book. Rewritten and enlarged, these articles have now been put into permanent form, and others of equal value have been added. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of Christian service.

CURTIS LEE LAWS.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1919.

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THE PASTOR AS THE LEADER OF HIS CHURCH

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Let it clearly be understood at the outset that anything I may say about a human leadership presupposes that of the divine. When Constantine was laying the foundations of his magnificent capital on the shores of the Bosporus, he met the criticism of his adversaries because of his vast expenditure by the declaration that he was following One who was leading him.

Every man attempting to lead a church should be conscious of this higher leading. In nearly all of our conferences on "rural life" the speakers begin with the assumption that the country church is a failure. Some country churches are, and so are some in towns and cities. Many of them are not, but are grandly fulfilling their mission to their community and the world. In the long run, whether in city, town, or country, it is a question of leadership, and wherever a church is "going" and "doing its bit," it is because a man of leadership is in the pulpit, "a round peg in a round hole, not a

square peg in a round hole," as Sidney Smith used to say. Mark Twain in his last days wrote a personal friend, saying, "There is not an orphan in all this world as lonely as I, a wretched old derelict, drifting on the wasting seas of human life with nobody on the bridge"—a picture of too many churches, "derelicts with nobody on the bridge." Now I insist that the pastor should lead, "be on the bridge," and I am emphasizing this point in the hope that there will be a fuller assumption of such leadership on the part of those in the pulpit, and a fuller recognition of its right on the part of those in the pew. He should not only lead, but he should have, in his own mind at least, a carefully thought-out, clear-cut plan for the whole work of the church. Of course, such a plan should not be completed or announced without consultation with those active in the various departments, but this plan should be all-inclusive. It has always been my own custom to be in the Sunday School of my church, as a factor; if not as superintendent, teacher, or substitute, then to make announcements and the opening or closing prayer, so as to keep in evidence, to know, and to be known by, everybody there. The same was practically true of all the organizations in the church. After

getting himself elected as superintendent, an ambitious man informed me that I need not feel that I *must always* be in the school. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness of me, told him what the habit of my ministry had been, and that I had no idea of changing it. I was not going to be ruled out of one great sphere of my influence, nor displaced in my leadership, by any such method. Moreover the churches are looking for leaders, men who can make a policy and carry it out. Frequently pulpit committees write me, saying, "We want more than a preacher, we want a leader," and in the average church they long to feel themselves in the grip of a strong, masterful man, if they know where he is going. Now let me name some of the lines along which this leadership is to be exercised.

1. In his People's Religious Thinking, their thinking in the realm of religious truth. But is not all truth religious? Hardly. All truth is important, but not equally important to the development of religious life. Mathematical truth is exceedingly important, perhaps even religious for my old instructor in Colgate, but positively irreligious for some of his pupils, and I recall some who nearly lost their religion in his classroom. Jesse B. Thomas once

said in our conference that a minister of the gospel in our day ought to "meddle with all knowledge," venture into every realm of truth. For a man of his mental make-up that may be possible, but not for the average man. It is expected, however, that the minister will be an authority in one realm, that of religion, and that he will compel thinking there. Not that undue emphasis should be placed on the intellectual side of his work, for "The influence of the pulpit with the cultivated classes," says a distinguished theological professor, "is preeminently a religious influence, the influence of the man, his character, his devotional spirit, his self-forgetfulness, and his eminence in all the clerical graces." The most intelligent and cultivated hearers therefore are those who most heartily enjoy the simplest preaching. Mr. Webster complained in his day that much of the preaching was "too great a strain upon the intellect to be sympathetic with the spirit of worship." In the house of God he wanted to meditate not upon mysteries and abstractions, but upon the simple verities and undoubted facts of our religion. In other words, the preacher's appeal should not be to the intellect alone, but to that which is common to all men, the religious

nature. In harmony with that thought, Austin Phelps declared that the pulpit must find its standing-place in the lowlands of society or nowhere, and that an exclusive pulpit, one that aims to minister only to a class, is always a weak pulpit. What about the professional men, the "top-heads" of your congregation, some one inquired of Mr. Beecher; ought not the preacher to keep them especially in mind? "Suit your message to the lowly and you will touch all above them," was his prompt reply. That was the Master's way, he contended, and thus illustrated it, "If you want to raise a barn, you do not put your jack-screw up under the side-plate, or when you turn the lever you lift only the roof, but you put the screw down under the sill, and then when you turn the lever, you lift the sill and everything above it." So "Jesus was made flesh and dwelt among men," on the lowest level of life, and when he raised himself up, he lifted all men with him. Ultimately the educated classes honor and even follow after the preacher who has this power of appeal to the "common man." The nobility of England ran after Whitefield when they discovered that the "million-hearted common people heard him gladly." When Mr. Lincoln, rather shabbily attired, went to Wash-

ington for his first inauguration, "polite society" there sneered at him as a "hay-seed from the West," but when Lloyd George, England's new premier, goes into the House of Parliament to make an address that all the world is waiting to hear, he begins it with a quotation from Lincoln. "The rail-splitter" at last has "come to his own." He has compelled the admiration of the learned and the wise, because he had already captivated the heart of the common man. He is nearly as well known in Japan as in our own land. His portrait hangs on the walls of all their public schools. Billy Sunday is having a similar experience while yet alive. Three years ago there was strong opposition on the part of some leading ministers to a proposition inviting him to New York. Finally he came on practically a unanimous invitation. Austin Phelps insists that the clamorers for sensationalism in the pulpit are those who know the least about good preaching, and are the poorest judges of it when they hear it. A man who had for years been in the congregation of the most sensational preacher in our day complained that he was "not fed" in a prosperous suburban church where he turned up later on. I happened to cross the sea with him one summer, and when two

days out he came to me saying: "Now I may be showing my ignorance, but I want to ask a question. The people on this boat are talking about Great Britain and the Continent; what's the Continent?" Think of it! "Not fed!" He is the type of man who will be your most caustic critic. The educated man will be sympathetic, for like Webster he comes not to be ministered to along intellectual lines, but to receive a message for his religious nature. I went to speak on our State work in a church where the president of a great university was a member, and felt relief when I found he was absent that morning, and so expressed myself to the pastor. On the way home, the pastor assured me that he had no more sympathetic, responsive hearer in that great church than the university president, for while he is one of the world's greatest teachers of philosophy, he is as simple as a child in his religious life, and goes to church expecting a message to that part of his nature. It is along those lines and in that realm, the realm of religious truth to which all men are responsive, that the minister is to lead his church.

2. In his People's Living; he must select and present the truth in such a way as to develop their religious lives. And nothing

will so stimulate their growth as his own life illustrating and enforcing his teaching. Washington Gladden tells us he was saved from infidelity in the critical period of his young manhood by the consistent life of his uncle, in whose home he was spending the winter. Who can estimate the influence of that plain man's life as exerted through the ministry of Doctor Gladden all these years? A little girl under examination by the deacons for church-membership, when asked "under whose preaching" she was converted, said, "Under nobody's preaching, but under Aunt Mary's practice." When William M. Tweed was being called to account for his grafting activities in New York, he sneered at his prosecutors, but when Thomas Nast began to publish his cartoons in "Harper's Weekly," he soon cowered, and calling his Tammany leaders together said: "Gentlemen, them pictures must be stopped. I don't care what they write about me, for the larger part of my constituency can't read, but them pictures all can read." What men see impresses them as deeply as anything they hear. Then many see and are influenced by the life a man lives, who never enter a church and therefore do not hear him preach. In great cities this influence is not what it was

formerly, for often the man is lost in the multitude. For a hundred years, old Trinity was the most conspicuous landmark in down-town New York. Now it is lost in the great forest of business buildings, an illustration of how the material dominates the spiritual in our day, but in the rural regions the every-day life of the minister is as potent in its influence as ever. Joseph Henry Crooker, in his "Church of To-day," gives this concrete illustration. A man who had been pastor of a village church for nearly twenty years felt that a change might be better for him and the church, so he suddenly resigned. The next morning one of his official members was in a place of business in that town when the pastor passed by the window, and the merchant spoke of his resignation and expressed great regret. "But you were never in our church," said the official; "how can it affect you?" "No, I never heard him preach," the man replied, "but every time he passes that window every good impulse in me gets mightily strengthened, and I am sorry he is going." In the open country and in the village, the preacher's influence, like Peter's shadow, falls on men, and it blesses or blights them according to the character of the man.

3. In his People's Giving, their steward-

ship before God. Perhaps here we preachers have failed as nowhere else. Why do so many of our churches and missionary Societies come down to the end of their fiscal year with deficits? The people have the money, they never had so much, and the scale of their living shows it, but they have not been trained to give. Has not the leader, the man in the pulpit, been at fault here? I was holding a conference in an up-State church, where I was urging the importance of a better financial system and the pastor's responsibility for it. The pastor of that church, a personal friend of mine, seemed troubled as I went on. At the close of the conference some of his officials thanked me for coming, my message had been just what was needed there, for while their pastor's salary was above that of the average member of the church, he contributed nothing regularly for the support of the church, nor was he any help to them in their financial problems. When Napoleon was returning from his Egyptian campaign, he issued an order that all well men should walk, only the sick and wounded could ride. The next morning at the time set for breaking camp, his orderly notified him that the " little gray mare " was saddled and bridled, ready for him to mount, and

he smote the orderly in the face, saying: "Fool, did not I say that the well should walk? I lead." So the pastor must lead in the giving as well as in the thinking and the living. "But is the pastor of a church to dabble in money matters?" Call it what you like, but the thing must be done, and if no one else can or will do it, then he must. I am not insisting that he must do everything, but he must get things done. Anyhow the people must be made to understand that the giving of money is as religious as praying and preaching, and they will never come to the full measure of their power till that lesson is learned. It is not enough for him to urge giving upon them, he too must give, here as elsewhere his own example must enforce his teaching. John Willis Baer was having a frolic with his little boy on Sunday afternoon, when a nickel fell out of the boy's pocket, the one given him by his mother for Sunday School. When called to account he explained his neglect to put in his money by the way in which the offering was taken. One pupil held the basket while the others marched to music, dropping in their coins as they went. He held the basket that day. Too many of us hold the basket, make occasions for others to give, but fail to give anything ourselves.

4. In his People's Attitude toward the Reforms of the Day. These movements, wise or otherwise, are increasing with alarming rapidity. Pastors are often bewildered at the appeals or demands made in connection with them. One Sunday morning, an hour or two before service, the critical time in all the week, my door-bell rang, and a woman announced that the Lord had sent her there with a message for my people. I had tried to be open to the influence of the Spirit during the week, and felt that I had a message for them myself, and so informed her. She went to another pastor with the same story, and he opened his pulpit to her. Incidentally in her address there she paid her respects to me, and gave me six months to stay in the town. In three months I was called to a field with much larger opportunities on double the salary, because of my supposed leadership. Unless you are obedient to the beck and call of those active in these movements, they are ready to discredit, possibly unseat you. What now should be the pastor's attitude toward them? One of friendliness, as far as possible and consistent. Under no circumstances must he allow his attitude toward any real reform to be misinterpreted. Aim to do for them what the sun does for the storm-cloud that

has passed by on a summer afternoon—spiritualize, touch up with glory and beauty. While important and needful, all these movements are incidental and subordinate to the one great end for which the church exists and which may be lost sight of. An Adirondack hunter informs me that when a hound is put on the track of a deer he cannot always be relied upon to keep the trail. Coming to a place where a trail has been crossed by a bear, he follows that till it in turn has been crossed by a fox or a coon, and he goes off after them. Follow him far enough, and you are likely to find the dog barking in a common rat-hole. Brethren, let us not be found barking in common rat-holes. It is high and noble work to which we are called, and God forbid that we should lose sight of it.

5. In Redeeming and Saving Men; and Doctor Jefferson declares that to be the primal work of the church. "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you," and this end is to be secured through individual men. In an evangelistic effort in New York, Justin D. Fulton once said, "You are not going to save New York by the job." A lot is being written in our day about the "larger vision" by men who are utterly oblivious to the great needs of individual

men everywhere about them. Visionary men! Paul and Silas, obedient to a vision in the night at Troas, went over into Macedonia, "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called them for to preach the gospel unto them." That was the first step in the evangelization of Europe, and the movement was inaugurated through Lydia, the woman whose "heart the Lord opened" at the praying-place in Philippi, "that she attended unto the things which were spoken to Paul." Jesus finally spoke of his work as "finished." Washington Allston spent twelve years attempting to paint the scene of Belshazzar's Feast, and then died and left his work unfinished. The chief difficulty, one which his genius could not overcome, was that of depicting the look of despair on the face of the doomed king. Raphael died at thirty-seven and left the "Transfiguration," his masterpiece, to be finished by the hand of another. When his body was laid out in state in the Pantheon, with the unfinished picture hung on the wall back of the casket, the Roman people came and looked into his face, then at the unfinished picture, and "wept as if their hearts would break." These men left their work unfinished, and we shall leave ours unfinished, unless we find out what our work really is and give ourselves in utter

consecration to it. In the Louvre, I saw a picture of a monk, sitting at a desk, writing with a fiery enthusiasm. The artist's conception was that in this life the monk had been lazy and shiftless, and now death had let him go back to toil at his unfinished task. A beautiful thought from the standpoint of the artist, but scripturally untrue, for death never lets us go back in that way. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." "With thy might" and "now" is the spirit of biblical teaching. Nor are we alone in the great task. There is a beautiful legend connected with the building of an old church in England. When the monks were nearing its completion there appeared among them a strange monk who always took upon himself the heaviest tasks; and at last, when lifting a gigantic beam into place, a beam as important to the building as the keystone to the arch, they were appalled to find they had been mistaken in their calculations, for it was several feet too short. No device of the builders could remedy it. The night came on and they went to their rest with sad and weary hearts, but when morning came they found the beam lengthened and in

its place. The unknown monk had disappeared, but now they knew that he who had been among them, supplying their lack, was none other than the Lord himself. They were not alone in their task, nor are we. "I am with you always," and it is our privilege to say with the apostle, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Conscious of such a divine Companion, we cannot fail in our leadership.

II

THE PASTOR AS THE LEADER OF HIS CHURCH (Continued)

THE PASTOR AS THE LEADER OF HIS CHURCH (Continued)

The substance of Chapter I, in the form of an address, was given to a company of ministers in Brooklyn and at their request was printed in an issue of " The Watchman-Examiner." Men over the State wrote me commending the positions taken and asked for a fuller elaboration of the points made. In some cases the questions asked indicated a desire for light on problems incidental to their own fields. While full information cannot be given without a knowledge of all the conditions, a general reply can be made to the questions raised. With that end in view the second chapter under the same title has been written.

It ought to be clearly understood that what I am urging is that the pastor should be a leader, not a " boss " in the sense in which that term is used in political life. Too often I fear men are ambitious to be bosses or dictators, and fail, as they ought to fail. By a leader I mean one fitted by force of ideas, by character and consecration, by

genius and administrative ability to arouse, to incite, and to direct his fellowmen in upright living and noble endeavor. To such a leadership, exercised along such lines, I am urging men in our pulpits to aspire, and I urge the people in the pews to recognize and follow it. It goes without saying that such leadership cannot always be gotten merely for the asking, nor is it wise for a man simply because he is in the pulpit to demand it imperiously. Indeed, it cannot always be won in a month or even in a year. If it comes at all to a pastor, it comes because the people in the pews see that he is worthy of it on account of his loyalty to the Great Leader and because of his utter consecration to all the interests of the cause to which he and they profess to have given themselves.

"But suppose when entering on a pastorate you find a layman in the saddle, what would you do?" I cannot tell beforehand just what I would do in any particular place, for my rule in life has been not to cross bridges until I come to them. Coming to such a situation, I should depend upon the highest wisdom given me in that hour for that task. "Don't worry, it may never happen," is the suggestive motto I have seen hanging in some business places lately. But without

any hesitation I can say that I should be slow to interfere with the layman's leadership. Your predecessors may have been singularly lacking in the qualities looked for in leaders, and he may have come to his position, not by his own will or choice, but by the force of circumstances—possibly he may have saved the cause there. If dominated by the Master's spirit, he may be ready to turn over the responsibility as soon as he discovers your fitness for it. I have in mind such men and such conditions now.

"But if he is an ambitious, narrow-minded, wilful man, what then?" Even then, be careful not to antagonize him. If after prayerful consideration you conclude that the interests of the cause demand his elimination, keep the decision under "your own hat," for if it gets out his antagonism will be aroused, his friends will be rallied, and you may as well "fold your tent like the Arab and silently steal away." If he is not positively bad, take him into your confidence, and later on you may find him responding to your treatment, perhaps falling in with your plan and carrying it out. Any plan of yours should be elastic enough to provide for that very thing. Many years ago I was taken by a friend down on Staten Island to see "Buffalo Bill's Great Wild

West Show," a mammoth outdoor performance. In the course of the afternoon I was amused and interested to see a man struggling for the management of a jackass. The animal was wilful and stubbornly refused to follow the leading. Finally a third party appeared on the scene, pulled down one of the donkey's long ears, and whispered into it. At once the beast was perfectly submissive to him. I said to myself, Here is a lesson; get confidential with even a jackass, and you can manage him. I have often recalled and had use for that lesson. Brethren, try it on the wilful man who contests your leadership. It may work.

"But when there is an older element in control of all the affairs of the church with a strong young element demanding recognition and threatening to withdraw altogether unless you secure it for them, what is to be done?" Under no circumstances should a pastor, even in his own heart, admit that such a condition exists, least of all must he identify himself with one element against another. The writer was called to a church where there had been such serious conflict between various elements for years that the church had virtually lost its place in the community. He accepted the call in which all elements were factors with the distinct

understanding that he would not attempt anybody's vindication, nor would he justify or condemn any events in the past. His only aim would be to unify that church and restore it to the great place it had so long held in that part of the State. It was the most difficult and delicate task he had ever undertaken. At the end of six months, a quaint, sweet-spirited little man, well known and respected, arose in the covenant meeting, saying: "I have been watching the elder all this time to see which way he was going to jump, but I am now convinced that he is not going to jump, but just going right on in the middle of the road. I want him and you to know that I am with him." That statement called out similar expressions from others who had been prominent in the conflict, and from that hour the pastor's leadership was unquestioned, and the way was clear for doing one of the most distinctive pieces of work in which he had ever had a part. To have allowed himself to seem to lean toward any element would have been fatal.

Nothing, however, made his job there so hard as the attitude of the pastors of other churches in that town. Some disaffected members of his church had found refuge and become pew-holders in theirs, and his suc-

cess meant the possible loss of pew-holders to them. The interest they felt in his problem was amazing—a curious side-light on the "interdenominational comity" that we hear so much about in our day. Brethren, do not permit men in other communions to coddle you and prejudice you against those of your own by intimating that your "time is up, and that you are likely to suffer as did your predecessors on that field." Your predecessors may have been victims of their own folly and suffered only what they deserved. Because other men have failed, or because a church's reputation is not altogether savory, do not be unduly discouraged, and do not too easily desert your post. Most of all, do not make up your mind that all men must agree with you in all things all the time.

Two classes of men are a sore trial to a pastor—those who never agree with him, and those who never disagree with him. It is not easy to say which tries him most, for while one class is too opinionated and intractable, the other is too thoughtless and uninformed. In a real sense the pastor is the leader and should be respected as such; but in a sense just as real the layman is a fellow-worker whose counsel and advice should be desired. The church of Christ is not a place for dictators, either in the pulpit or in

the pew. Information and suggestions should be welcome from any source, and in all church relations and management. democracy should be preserved.

Many years ago I officiated at the funeral of a man who had lived for fifty years in that community and of whose character and influence there were widely differing opinions. At the close of the service an elderly man, who had long known the deceased, approached me, saying: "There was much curiosity in the town to know what you would say about this man. Evidently you have found out that there is often a deal of good wood in crooked sticks." So in many a man with whom we have to deal there is good material, although it is somewhat unattractive at times and in certain ways.

When Rev. W. S. Clapp closed a pastorate of nearly thirty years in Carmel I happened to be moderator of the Union Association in which men and women in all the churches had felt the influence of his remarkable ministry. When a resolution appreciative of his life and labors had been adopted at the annual meeting, he arose to respond: "Brethren, you have been very patient and tolerant of me and my effort. I have only tried to do my part. I have

looked for the best in my fellows, and then tried to build them up along that line. That has been the philosophy of my ministry." Was he not right? Failing to act on that principle, we are likely to fail in our leadership.

> There is so much of good in the worst of us,
> So much of bad in the best of us,
> That it ill behooves any of us
> To talk about the rest of us.

Then we ought not to make "martyrs of ourselves for nothing." I have known men ready to sacrifice themselves and their influence for what they contended was a principle where I could not see that any principle was involved, but in the last analysis it was a question of wilfulness, a question of having their own way. In many instances it is not a question of principle, but one of expediency—doing the best for the cause under the circumstances. There seems to be a warrant for that sort of thing in the New Testament. More than once we find the apostle Paul acting from expediency. Certainly there is room for Christian diplomacy in our ministry.

"But ought not a man to have backbone?" Yes, but he ought not to go around showing it all the time. Men too often use

that term without understanding the real mechanism of a back-bone. Made up of more than a score of bones separated by a cartilaginous substance acting as cushions, the back-bone is capable of yielding in multitudinous ways without break or injury. Some men's idea of a back-bone is like that of a lamp-post. Men of this idea fail to secure or hold their places as leaders because they do not know how to yield gracefully, where no principle is at stake, and let the other man have his way. Of course there are times when a man ought not to yield. A great principle is in the issue, and he must be adamantine. Oftener, however, it is simply a matter of method or of expediency, and he can get or hold his position, carry the day, by giving in to his opponent. "A man then must sometimes adapt himself to circumstances and conditions?" Assuredly!

Standing with a friend on London Bridge watching the various types of boats on the Thames, I saw a little tugboat with a great smoke-stack approaching, and I saw at once that the spring of the arch would not permit its passage and so expressed myself to the friend. "Never mind! the boat or bridge are not yours and why be anxious? You are on a vacation." As the tug neared the bridge, with my anxiety increasing, the

smoke-stack went down to a horizontal position on the deck, the boat passed under the bridge, the stack rose up, and the boat went on its way down the stream. There was a joint in the smoke-stack. So we must have joints in our smoke-stacks, or there will be a collision, and we shall go to pieces. Many a man has gone in this way.

"Shall a man then trim his sails to all the winds that blow—be a creature of circumstances?" Nothing of the kind! There are conditions to which no man ought to adapt himself. The conditions can be changed, and he should insist upon changing them.

When I was a small boy, my father used to let me ride on one of the horses when plowing. In one of the fields on his farm what appeared to be a rock rose above the surface of the soil. As we neared that rock I would remind my father and he would throw the plow out and guide it around the rock, putting it in on the other side. One spring when we were using colts not fully broken, I was slow in reminding him, and before he realized it the point of the plow touched the rock, the colts sprang into their collars and threw the stone clean out. It was only a boulder. For years we had been plowing around that boulder, and adapting ourselves to it. The first time we tackled it we threw it

out. For generations we have been plowing round certain social and political evils, such as the saloon, when we ought to have girded ourselves and thrown them out. Some conditions we cannot change. The highest expressions of the Divine Will concerning us are sometimes found in the things we cannot change—the inevitable experiences of life.

The first time I went into the home of Rev. A. W. Rogers, of Schenectady, and sat down opposite his wife at the tea-table I asked her what I ask nearly all the wives of men who have been at Colgate, if she was a Hamilton girl. "No, I was a Schuylerville girl," she replied. "Schuylerville is where Burgoyne surrendered," I said. "Yes," and with a twinkle in her eye as she looked at her husband, "and that is where A. W. Rogers surrendered." Through that surrender he achieved a splendid victory.

Brethren, do not fail in your leadership by not knowing how to yield to the other party, especially where no high and noble principle is involved. Do not insist on being "martyrs for nothing." Finally, do not despair of leadership. Looking back through more than forty years of public life I can see that the way has been beset with difficulties which at the time have sorely tried my soul. Stress and storm and

struggle have been encountered, and yet I have had a good time. Without boasting, I can say that I have rarely set my heart on a thing that sooner or later has not been mine. In the long run I have had my way, but I flatter myself that the things on which I have set my heart have not been vain or foolish things. They were things that appealed to the good sense of the average man and woman.

A young man went to a field in New York State where man after man for years had retired on the ground of "insuperable difficulties." Inside of a year, under his quiet but persistent ministry, the tide was changing, and I wrote him a letter of congratulation. Replying, he said, "When I arrived and sensed the situation, I said to myself, there will be a revival in this church, and I will succeed on this field, or there will be a funeral in the parsonage."

Brethren in the ministry, that is the spirit that gets and holds leadership. Are you willing to pay the price?

III

THE PEOPLE A FACTOR IN THE PROBLEM

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"Much every way" is a curious combination of words used by the apostle Paul. They fitly describe many of the men in our pulpits. They are "much" physically, intellectually, socially, and spiritually; and yet no man is enough in any one or all of these ways to do the great work to which he has been called, without the cooperation of his people. I have seen men who had been conspicuously successful in one section of the country called on their record to another where they barely escaped failure. The same man, the same consecration, the same message, and the same spirit. How can his success be accounted for in one place when he failed in the other? Only on the ground that he had the cordial support of his people in one place, and was left to stand alone in the other. No man is big enough to stand alone. His people must be a factor in the problem. Success or failure is theirs as well as his. Let me note some of the ways in which they can help him.

1. By Their Presence at the Services. The thoughtful pastor prepares his sermons with the needs of the people in his mind, "giving each his portion in due season." When in the seclusion of his study a pastor has carefully prepared a sermon adapted to help his people in the circumstances under which they are struggling to live uprightly, there is nothing that so inspires and helps him in his utterances when he comes to his pulpit on Sunday as to look into the faces of the very persons he had in mind when making it. There is nothing that so handicaps and takes the heart out of him as to find their places vacant.

Richard S. Storrs began his great career in Brookline, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston, in a building erected for the future. When he went into his pulpit on a Sunday morning to speak to about one hundred persons in a house built to seat twelve hundred, it was "rather a woody prospect." "Young gentlemen," he said, speaking of it, "there is no inspiration in the backs of pews." At the end of my first pastorate in Long Island City I stated in my farewell address that I had been a factor in twenty-five hundred or three thousand services in the ten years and four months of my ministry there. A deacon came up at the close of the meeting and

informed me that he had missed but two of them. Think of it! He had heard nearly every word that had fallen from my lips in all those years and was still living to tell of it. That man knew how to help his pastor by his presence. A little later a woman came to remind me that I had not preached her sermon. Early in my pastorate she had requested me to speak some time on the "Transfiguration." Two or three times I had spoken on that event, but she had not been there to hear me. She did not know how to help her pastor. Men and women in the churches, you can hardly realize how helpful you can be to your pastor by your presence in the sanctuary.

2. You Can Help Him by Your Practice, the Life You Live. I went to speak at a young people's convention in a great barn-like country church. There early I inquired of the sexton about the lighting of the place. When the time came he pulled down a chandelier that held six small oil lamps. I doubted whether he could light the room with them, but he insisted that I wait and see. When he lit the lamps and they were drawn back into place a combination of reflectors was so arranged in the ceiling as to flood every corner of the room with light. What those reflectors were back of the little

lamps the lives of the people are back of the man in the pulpit. He may be only an ordinary, tallow-candle type of man, but if they illustrate and enforce his teachings in every-day life, they reduplicate and intensify his influence, flash the light into the remotest corners of the community.

We live in an age of illustrated papers, when men are impressed by what they see as well as by what they read and hear. In the last years of his life Doctor Storrs wrote a great book on "The Divine Origin of Christianity Judged by Its Historical Effects," a high-priced book of nearly a thousand pages. The average man could not afford to buy it, and would not have time to read it, if he could; but the open book of our every-day life all men read, and they judge our religion accordingly. After all, the unanswerable argument for Christianity is not a syllogism, or a book, but a consistent, consecrated life.

A man with the critical faculty alert stopped before the windows of a taxidermist shop on Broadway, and began to criticize the quality of the work done there. He insisted that the owl on a perch in the foreground was not true to nature, because an owl rarely stands on both feet, usually on one, while resting or warming the other.

Nor was the eye natural. Just then the old owl picked up one foot and winked his eye, and the man had business down the street. What do I mean? I mean that the manifestation of life on the part of that owl lifted him absolutely out of the realm of criticism on the part of that man. So, I repeat, the unanswerable argument for our religion is not a book, but a symmetrical, consistent Christian life. There is no way in which you can so help the pastor and the cause he stands for as by living such a life. Success or failure, for him and for the church, will depend largely on the life you are living.

3. You Can Help Him by Your Praise. Not flattery; God forbid, no true man wants that, but the appreciative word he needs, and often longs for. When Mr. Beecher came down out of the chapel pulpit of the Yale Divinity School, after giving his "Lectures on Preaching," Doctor Bacon inquired if, after some of his great efforts, the devil did not tell him he had done a big thing? "No," said Mr. Beecher, "he sends you to do it." Only another way of saying that the voice of the flatterer may be the voice of the adversary, and I say no true man wants that. But if your pastor in his ministration has enabled you to stand against temptation, girded you to carry life's bur-

dens triumphantly, or spoken comfort in the hour of sorrow, do not fail to let him know it. When in the pastorate I used to tell my people that if they had any flowers for me, to bring them now, not to keep them for my casket or my grave, for flowers on the caskets and graves of the dead never atone for neglect of the living. Many a pastor would have been spared the experience of Elijah under the juniper tree, if his people had only spoken what they felt in their hearts and had let him know what his ministry had meant to them in the trying hours of life.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of a heartache
  At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
  The letter you did not write,
The flowers you did not send, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts at night.

4. You Can Help Him by Your Patience. In my travels among the churches over my State I hear petty complaints from full-grown persons because they have been shut in for a week, and the pastor has not called. Has the physician called? Certainly, they " phoned him." Why did they not " phone "

the pastor, or send him a postal? "He ought to know!" Unreasonable and unwarrantable assumption! I know most of our pastors in my State, and am confident that the average man among them will go at any hour of day or night, if he knows his services are needed in his own flock or elsewhere. Bear in mind that your pastor is not an angel, or ought not to be, to more than one person, but just a man. I don't want an angel for my pastor, for angels know nothing of my human needs, but I want a man with like passions with myself. Being a man, the pastor may have moods, like the rest of us, and there may be days when he does not feel like calling unless he is especially needed. I used to wake up some mornings, feeling that I wanted to put in a full day in my study with my books, and hardly went out of the door unless called out. Other days I felt like doing pastoral work and gave the whole day to it, calling on thirty or forty families. So if the pastor does not call today he may come tomorrow. If you need him, command him, and he'll come, but do not be impatient.

5. You Can Help Him by Promptly Meeting Your Financial Obligations to Him. The most courageous man in the community ought to be the man in your pulpit, and yet

many such men are handicapped in their attitude and in their utterance, because they cannot meet their obligations to local business men in their pews. The failure of their people to keep their pledge to them embarrasses them in their ministry. The churches call men on salaries wholly inadequate to their needs, and then fail to make any provision for the payment of the same. If anybody has to borrow money, it should be the trustees, not the pastor. Certainly his place in the community should not be jeopardized because of their shortcomings. In many instances the situation would be saved by a better financial system.

6. Help Him by Your Prayers. If you have been lax in your attendance, careless in your life, and unappreciative of his efforts on your behalf, it will not mean much to him to be told of your prayers for him, for he is not likely to regard such prayers as "effectual." But if you have tried to be helpful in the ways I have indicated, it will be peculiarly comforting to him to be assured of your prayer. I heard John Hall say, in his last days, that nothing meant so much to him at the end of the Sabbath as the consciousness that every mother in his great church, on putting her little children to bed, taught them to pray for Doctor Hall.

Pray for your pastor, and teach your children to pray for him. I do not wish to emphasize the earlier points in this article in such a way as to oppress the invalid, or the very poor, but such persons will heartily approve all I have said along those lines. What I am insisting upon is the most hearty cooperation of the people with their pastor in every possible way; then their prayers will mean something to him. I am more anxious than I can tell that every member should add to, not take from, the influence of his church.

When James G. Blaine and Grover Cleveland were nominated for the presidency, an illustrated New York weekly came out with a double-page cartoon. On one page was a gigantic elephant, "the G. O. P." carrying the "Plumed Knight," and underneath these words, "The Party Carries Him." It had to carry him, and from first to last it was a campaign of explanation ending in defeat. On the other page was Grover Cleveland, a stalwart man, carrying a donkey, the Democratic Party, on his back, with these words underneath, "He Carries the Party." He did, and carried it to victory. The rank and file of our church-members are in one or the other of these positions, either where the church carries them, and has to explain and

apologize for them, or where they carry the church in their thought, their effort, their prayer, and their beneficence. Reader, in which position are you? It is a frank but fair question, and I trust that at the bar of your own conscience at least a straight answer will be given.

7. The Presence and Power of the Holy Spirit is Essential. After more than forty years in the ministry I am convinced there is no real abiding prosperity in any field where "the heart," the whole man, intellect, affections, and will, are not under the dominion of the Spirit of God. In one of the galleries of Europe I saw the picture of a man in a cell, the victim of religious persecution. Through a window opposite the door a ray of light came and passed across the back wall of the cell. With a rude instrument he had carved on that wall the image of Christ. He could work only when the sun shone. Brethren, we shall carve the image of Christ in the lives of our fellow men only as we live and work in the sun, an atmosphere vitalized by the spirit of Jesus Christ.

IV

EVANGELISM

EVANGELISM

I. THE PASTOR HIS OWN EVANGELIST

At seasons when the land seems aflame with religious fervor, I should want to emphasize the importance of evangelism and the pastor's part in it, especially in rural and village churches. It goes without saying that such work is essential to real growth, extensive and intensive, in all churches everywhere. I do not, therefore, dwell upon the history, philosophy, or necessity of revivals, interesting as that phase of the subject may be. Mr. Beecher, speaking out of his own rich and varied experience, did that in a masterly way in his "Yale Lectures" forty years ago, and his successor, Newell Dwight Hillis, has been doing it in Plymouth Church recently. Let me say a word in the way of definition, not defense. By evangelism I mean effort on the part of a pastor and his people to "redeem and save men," the great end for which Charles E. Jefferson declares a church exists. In all such effort I contend that the pastor should lead. Returning from his

summer vacation, spent in the mountains or beyond the sea, with plans in his heart for the year's work, the anxious pastor is often amazed to find how indifferent and unresponsive his officials and the rank and file of his members are to his appeals for that sort of work. In the rural sections the county fair, the election, Thanksgiving, and holiday festivities, with many other social and business demands, are urged as reasons for delay. The people never seem to be quite ready to cooperate with the pastor in that particular line of work. Indeed, his own heart shrinks from it, and all too readily he yields to their suggestions about a "more convenient season."

Charles S. Robinson once issued a leaflet on "The Delicacy of Spiritual Dealing." It is the most delicate and difficult task ever undertaken by man, and he who does not shrink from it is unfit for it. But the pastor must do it, and he must lay it upon his people to attempt it with him. If he fails to overcome their indifference and inertia, the time is sure to come when they will be complaining of the barrenness of his ministry, and intimating the need of a change in the pastorate. Doubtless there are convenient and favorable times, and he must be on the lookout to take advantage of them. He

should not plan to begin just before an exciting election, or any other event in which all the people are interested, for two great movements cannot occupy the popular mind at the same time. The one is sure to swallow up the other.

When to Begin Meetings. But is there not a "set time for God to favor Zion?" Yes, but that "set time" is not a date in the almanac, but a state in the minds and hearts of men, and the pastor, under God, must help to bring about that state. When the servants of the Lord "take pleasure in the stones of Zion and favor the dust thereof" God's "set time" is at hand. Many years ago the pastor of a large church in Albany, appearing one morning in the Ministers' Conference in New York, was called on for information about a recently reported work of grace in the churches in the State capital. He admitted such a work, but declared that the men in the pulpits there had nothing to do with it, were even surprised by it. A lamentable confession, for some one had something to do with it! That kind of thing cometh "but by fasting and prayer."

The Pastor's Responsibility. The religious life of the people in the pew rarely rises above that of the man in the pulpit. At the close of the Moody and Sankey meet-

ings in the old Hippodrome in 1876, when New York was stirred as it has never been stirred since, some one in the audience asked Mr. Moody how he would go to work to warm up a church. "Put a stove in the pulpit," was his instant reply. So I insist that the man in the pulpit is the one who, year in and year out, must stand for evangelistic effort in the church and the community. He must wisely plan and then persistently prepare for it by keeping a sweet and healthful atmosphere in the church and all its services. I speak reverently when I say that there are some things our God cannot do. He cannot work miracles of grace in conviction and conversion of men in the atmosphere of a church rife with bitterness and animosity. Consult the florist, and you will find that he is about the only man who months beforehand can tell you just when Easter comes because the Easter lily is a large part of his harvest. If Easter comes earlier, he puts up the temperature of his conservatory; if later, he lowers it. He can accelerate or retard the development of plant life in that way. So one can accelerate or retard the development of religious life by the atmosphere of a church, and the pastor, I repeat, is responsible for doing it. Failing in this, he fails utterly.

The Pastor Must Lead. Moreover, he ought to lead in the actual effort for which he has been planning and preparing. Some men of fine intellectual and spiritual attainments lead their people on through all the preparatory steps, and then at the critical hour call in another to guide the people in taking the "ultimate step" that brings them into the kingdom. I can understand this hesitation on the part of a pastor to be a factor in the precipitation of the religious experiences of his hearers, but to my mind it is a grave mistake for all concerned. One never learns how to do a thing except as he does it. No man ever learned to swim by standing on the shore watching expert swimmers, or by reading a treatise on swimming. Only as he plunges in does he learn the art. The same is true of winning souls.

An Illustrative Experience. In the early days of his ministry, before his ordination, the writer prayed and planned for a revival with the conviction that nothing else would save the situation. In an old-fashioned "watch-meeting" between two years there was "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and strong men and women were seeking the Lord. Entirely without experience, he knew not what to do, so announced from the pulpit his intention of calling in a

neighboring pastor to take charge. At the close of the service a consecrated woman, whose shining face has been before him through all the years, urged him to do nothing of the kind, but to depend on God and the help of his own people. Doing just that thing brought a revival that shook the town and doubled the working force of that church. That woman's suggestion has been the keynote of all his ministry, and never, so far as man can direct, has a service gone out of his own hands. No man knows what is in him or what he can do until responsibility is upon him. To plan for special work and prepare for it and then to allow another to take his place is to miss the blessing for his own soul, and surrender the joy of real success. "Let no man take thy crown." Character is the outcome of responsibility assumed and triumphantly borne. When you stand by and see another do the thing, you never really get under the burden. Mr. Lincoln once said that he had been driven again and again to his knees in prayer by the overwhelming conviction that he had nowhere else to go. At a "fast day" in the dark days of the Civil War a Massachusetts senator, who had not been seen in church in twenty years, was found kneeling with his neighbors at the altar in prayer. "What,

you here?" inquired a friend. "Yes, the nation is in a tight place, and it is time we began to look for help somewhere," was his reply. Some such conviction as that lays hold of a man, girds him, and grips him when attempting to lead a movement for the salvation of men. And somehow, in his own consciousness, he comes very near to God. Austin Phelps says," Jesus Christ is never a reality until he becomes a necessity." Overwhelmed by the magnitude of our task, the interests involved, and our inability to meet it alone, we look up with the feeling that we must have God in Christ to help, and he draws wondrously nigh.

Leadership and Cooperation. For these reasons I urge a fuller assumption of leadership in this work on the part of those in the pulpit and a fuller recognition of it by those in the pew. Many of the unfortunate circumstances and reactions incidental to so-called "professional evangelism" are avoided when a pastor and his people initiate and carry on the work themselves. Read again the last verses of Mark's Gospel: "So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven and sat down on the right hand of God. And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word

through the signs that followed "—his presence and power were manifested.

Importance of Prayer. In many a church the pastor and people are praying for a revival, and the importance of prayer cannot be overestimated. Thousands of meetings for prayer, held weekly for months in Philadelphia, prior to the coming of "Billy" Sunday, explain, in part at least, the awakening that followed. But while prayer is essential, the time comes when men must do more than pray; they must gather up the energies of their souls and move out along the line of their petitions with the assurance that God will meet them there. Fred Douglas, the slave, prayed for years, but never got an inch nearer deliverance until he began to pray with his legs, run toward the North Star. The Israelites, pursued by Pharaoh, and his hosts down at the Red Sea, had only one way open, the way up, the way that never can be closed to any soul, and the record says: "They cried unto the Lord. And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." And as they went the way was opened, and they were delivered from the hand of the Egyptians. The ways of God with men are the same now. Pastors of churches confronted

by perplexing difficulties in far-off isolated places should be of good cheer, for God is not far from them nor can his empowering promise fail them. On a rock far above the city and harbor of Naples is the castle of St. Elmo, about which gather centuries of Italian history. In the fourteenth century the castle was surrounded by a besieging army. After six months the commanding officer was called upon to surrender on the plea that starvation was inevitable. His only reply was a gigantic living fish hung over the battlements of the castle. They had subterranean connection with the sea, putting all the resources of old ocean at their command. So the unfailing resources of an all-wise, loving, and omnipotent God are at the disposal of those who trust and obey him. In our conferences on rural life we are urging a "survey" of the community to find out existing conditions, also insisting upon "social service" and other forms of altruistic effort. These are important, but incidental and subordinate to the one great end for which the church exists, "redeeming and saving men." Let our pastors arouse their people, claim the promise, and secure the blessing. The pastor, the people, and God—these are the three great factors in the problem.

II. OTHER METHODS OF EVANGELISM

In the preceding paragraphs I have emphasized the importance of the fact that every pastor should be his own evangelist, leading his church in a special effort for the saving of the people some time during every year. With equal urgency I now insist that he should also be a factor in a movement directed by the local missionary committee to make the same sort of thing possible in every church within the limits of his own association. Some of the churches in towns and cities as well as in the open country are "decadent" from various causes, but oftener than anything else this decadence arises from an inefficient leadership or from frequent changes in the pastorate, so that for the lifetime of a generation there has not been a real awakening in the membership. It would be amusing, were it not so serious, to note the means sometimes proposed to revitalize such churches. To my mind the simple, natural, scriptural, and only effective method is a "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Difficulties apparently insuperable disappear or are conquered. Nearly all problems are easy of solution when God comes near and "rains righteousness upon the people." The evangelism

advocated is not "extensive," a mere increase in numbers, but "intensive" as well. When Paul and Silas "went through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the churches," the outcome of their ministry was given in this verse: "And so were the churches established in the faith and increased in number daily." The same sort of twofold process enters into all real evangelism. With so many churches, distributed over such a wide area, it is well-nigh impossible for me to respond to all the appeals with associational missionaries or paid workers of any kind.

Pastoral Cooperation in Evangelism. To meet the demands for help in special services I suggest that pastors of larger churches, many of whom have already had a campaign on their own fields, put one or two weeks' time at the disposal of churches where there is no financial ability to secure outside men, or where there is prejudice against the "professional evangelist." Speaking out of the "fulness of their hearts," little special preparation would be required. Who can estimate what such a service would mean to many of the weaker churches? Then it would greatly bless the man doing it. Some of the pastors would be surprised at the response to their appeals, and in the informal week-night service, amid new sur-

roundings, would experience a freedom and a power that they had never felt before. I know men who have found themselves anew in this sort of work. Of course, I am aware that I am not proposing a new measure, for many excellent men have given such service every year. Frank P. Stoddard, while pastor at Amsterdam, New York, and Newburgh, rode a wheel all over the Saratoga, Long Island, and Hudson River Central associations, doing that kind of work. There are persons in scores of the little churches in those sections of New York State who gratefully recall his ministry now. Edwin B. Richmond and Thomas J. Whitaker have been doing this work all through their ministry. George Caleb Moor did it in the Chautauqua region, and Frank O. Belden all through the central counties when he was pastor in Binghamton. What I am urging is the cooperation of many others in this wider missionary work.

Lay Evangelists. Strong laymen ought also to help in the task. English Baptists are ahead of us in this respect. When in Robert Hall's old pulpit in Cambridge on a recent summer I missed some of the officials at the Sunday morning service. This explanation was given: "They are away this morning supplying the little churches in the outlying

districts. You will see them tonight." That church "mothers" half a dozen weak interests in the shire. In many of our churches there are strong, consecrated laymen who could do the same thing, and the Empire State, with its ten millions of people, will never be evangelized without this volunteer service.

Schoolhouse Revivals. There are great possibilities in the school districts of the State. During the five years of my pastorate at Owego, I held series of meetings in six schoolhouses within a radius of a few miles. Some of the most precious memories of my whole ministry gather about that period, when groups went out with me night after night in an effort to reach the people. Do not anticipate objections from the irreligious. Preaching a sweet and tender gospel, a man is welcome everywhere, irrespective of creed, class, nationality, or condition. A young Presbyterian layman had conducted a summer Sunday School in one of those schoolhouses for twelve years, and not a sermon had been heard there all that time, except at a funeral now and then. He urged us to come up and speak to the people some Sunday afternoon at the close of the school. I went up on a July day, with the thermometer at ninety, and after I had

spoken twenty minutes on the Twenty-third Psalm, twenty-three adults took Jesus as the Shepherd of their lives.

At the International Young Men's Christian Association Conference on the Rural Church two years ago in New York, one speaker declared that the people in the country had lost their vision of God. How could they help it? Who of us would keep our faith under the same conditions? In many parts of the great State there are places from five to ten miles square, where, year in and out, there is not a religious service of any kind. Out of such communities will come many in the great day saying, "No man cared for my soul." In view of these facts I plead again for evangelism in every church, schoolhouse, or place where the people can be brought together.

No man knows what possibilities there are in such little groups. Dr. W. C. P. Rhoades, when pastor of a church in a college town in Ohio, went out one night to preach in a schoolhouse. It was dark and dreary, and he had some misgivings on the way out, questioning in his own heart whether a man in his position ought to be in that sort of business. On his arrival there were but fourteen persons present. But when the service was over a good man and

woman took him home with them for the night. Who were they? The father and mother of Hubert C., E. Arthur, and Byron A. Woods, three men as choice as any God has called into our ministry. On his return he was chiding his own heart never again to despise fourteen people, for one does not know who is among them.

The last time I met one of the most eminent laymen of our day the conversation turned on friends in a town where he had been a boy and I had once been a pastor. Among those recalled was an early teacher of his in a near-by schoolhouse. When I informed him that I knew that teacher and also the place, as I had held a series of meetings there, he replied with quivering lip, "Doctor Granger, some of the deepest impressions of my whole life were received there." Out of such groups in the far-off places are to come the leaders of the future, and for that reason every such place should be reached with evangelistic effort.

Pastoral Oversight. But there are perils in evangelism? Certainly! There are in every form of religious activity, but most of them may be avoided, or safely encountered, if the right sort of work is done by the man residing on the field. To a people properly led and taught Austin Phelps is right in say-

ing: "Revivals of religion may come and go as the most natural process of religious experience, creating no morbid excitement, and leaving behind them no evils to be corrected. They may be as natural as the tides—themselves a purifying agency—instead of needing, as actual revivals often do, to be themselves purified." In other words, whether evangelists and outside helpers come and go as auxiliaries or revolutionists depends upon the sanity and fidelity of the regular pastor.

With Mr. Beecher I hold that "revivals are preeminently desirable, because they arouse individuals; because they carry up those already Christian to a higher pitch of experience; because they renovate the churches themselves; and because they do a work for scattered populations in outlying districts which would never otherwise be done. There are multitudes of men that could never get away from the current of their business, never face the public sentiment, the social current of the community, unless the community itself became warmed, leavened, aglow with moral influence. Then they would go with the stream; and there are thousands of men who, in that way, come into the kingdom of God, but never would have come into it up-stream."

III. THE EVANGELIST

In my former articles on "Evangelism" I advocated the importance of every pastor being his own evangelist, and urged that every pastor should be the helper of other pastors in evangelistic work, so as to make special effort for the saving of the people possible to every church and in every preaching place some time every year. Now I want to put a like emphasis on the place and work of the evangelist. If in the previous article I seemed to belittle him, I shall aim in this one to exalt him and give him his true place, for I thoroughly believe in the evangelist and sometimes even attempt evangelism myself.

Evangelists Necessary. In the life and activities of the church there has always been a place for men fitted by temperament, training, and talent to serve as evangelists. The gifts of the risen and ascended Lord to the apostolic church, as enumerated by Paul, were "apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers." The records of the church in early times, indeed in all times, have been illuminated by the toils and triumphs of evangelists, and in the upbuilding and perfecting process for which they were given they are to be recognized factors to the end. Austin Phelps says, "More than

one-half of the history of Christianity in this world would be blotted out if we should erase the record of these great sympathetic waves of religious sensibility that have rolled over communities and nations and races, and our hope of the world's conversion is a dream, if religious progress is to be measured by that of the intervals between these awakenings of the popular heart." Wise ministers will all the while be on the look-out for these movements, and all their plans of preaching and pastoral work will contemplate them. "A pulpit not adjusted to revivals is like a system of husbandry not planned for a harvest."

Some pastors have the evangelistic gift in an unusual degree, aim to promote revivals, are never surprised by them, and therefore rarely feel the need of an evangelist. It is worthy of note that nearly all the great evangelists of modern times, like Edwards, Wesley, Lyman Beecher, Knapp, and Swan, were successful pastors and widely known before they became evangelists. On the other hand there are men called of God and specially endowed as evangelists; only moderately successful in the pastorate, they find themselves at last, "come to their own" in evangelism. Even evangelistic pastors, after long years of service on one field,

wearied or broken physically, feel the need of help, and call in the evangelist. Others by reason of constitutional timidity, or because never thrust into actual evangelism, or perhaps because of what seemed like failure in one effort, have not been able to summon their courage or energy for another. Still others, of fine social, mental, and spiritual attainments, who on platforms enthrall multitudes of their fellow men, seem utterly helpless in leading them to take the "ultimate step" and willingly confess their inability in this respect. A man of the rarest culture was for nearly twenty years pastor of a great church in a New England town, and though admired for his character and gifts as a preacher, saw only a meager outcome to his ministry in conversions and additions to the church. His successor, far less gifted, had the "wooing and winning note," and multitudes have been received. Of course, both men were factors in all that happened there, one sowing and another reaping. Differing then, as men do through inheritance, education, and experience, or through conditions which they have not created and cannot control, the time comes when they imperatively need an outside helper. Whom shall they call? Hardly a week passes that I am not asked by some

pastor or church to name "just the man." While I cannot always name the man wanted, I can sometimes indicate the man they certainly do not want. I am on delicate ground here, but the interests involved compel me to speak frankly and plainly, for while there are clean, cultured, conscientious, Christian men, increasing numbers of them, in evangelism, some words of caution are needed.

Know Your Evangelist. Consider no man about whose character or standing there is any uncertainty. Like Cæsar's wife, the evangelist must be "above suspicion." Men may be out of the pastorate and in evangelism because pulpits are no longer open to them. Uncontrolled tempers, commercial dishonor, or immorality have branded them as unfit to lead a church. Driven out of one locality by "an infuriated public opinion," they are "hearing the call" to this most delicate of all tasks in another. One man, for years a member of an "interdenominational evangelistic combination," left debts amounting to five hundred dollars in his last pastorate. The State missionary organization in whose employ he had been, paid his bills to save the credit of the church, and took his note, on which he refuses to pay interest and which he does not

even recognize as an obligation. Imagine such a man leading an evangelistic campaign anywhere! "What you do," says Emerson, "speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." It is not surprising that churches that have been compromised by such men as pastors are shy of them as evangelists.

Have Your Evangelist's Work Defined. Have a clear understanding as to what the man comes to do, whether to lead in a positive religious effort, or in a reform movement to "clean up a town." It is often said of Mr. Sunday that towns, cities, and even States "go dry" as a result of his campaigns. While that may be true, it is only incidental, a by-product of his work, for the dominating purpose of the man is religious and seems never to be lost sight of. For me to stand in another man's pulpit, when I am invited there as an evangelist, and indiscriminately attack public men in the church or out, because I am in a place where they cannot reply, is to me unmanly and cowardly in the extreme. And yet that thing is frequently done in the name of evangelism. I know that the personal element is one of the most important factors in all successful preaching, especially in evangelism, and that many fail for the lack

of it. A sailor on a whaling vessel in New York harbor, returning from a down-town mission, when asked about the service, declared that "everything there was in shipshape, decks all scrubbed from stem to stern, but not a harpoon on board," no personal element in the sermon, nothing that "found" him. Carefully written and sealed letters are sometimes held for an address, and some sermons ought to be held for the same reason. Without the personal element they do not mean anybody. The preacher, like a man firing his gun in the air, aims at nothing and usually hits it. While the personal element then is essential, it must be the helpfully personal, not unkindly personal. I am told that empty freight cars, thousands of them, go astray and are lost every year. They get switched off the main line and are sidetracked at local stations. Salaried men traverse the continent looking them up and starting them on again toward their places of destination. Churches are sometimes completely sidetracked by men who are mere reformers and have lost sight of the great end for which the church exists. Pastors, if not themselves unseated, are sometimes obliged to waste months after such men are gone, repairing the damage done.

We all believe in reform, but it must be a religious reform, or it is nothing. The Bishop of Calcutta, on the platform of a society for the reform of Hindoo morals, said, "If you wish to make anything eternal you must build it on the Christian religion, for that is the only thing in this world that is eternal." And he was right. An eminent Presbyterian minister of the last generation began an address by saying: "Brethren, we'll consider the subject first from the view-point of Scripture and theology; second, philosophy." After speaking for a time on the first point he drew a long breath, lowered his voice and said, "Now let us descend to philosophy." So when we abandon the high place into which God has put us as preachers of the everlasting gospel to be the mere advocates of some reform, we "descend," come tremendously down. A real revival will give a new impulse to every reform, and often revolutionize the administration of municipal affairs. If the revival is the end sought, let that be clearly understood by the man coming to promote it.

Have a Definite Financial Understanding. Have a definite financial arrangement which all the people know about and can share in. Mr. Sunday is right in refusing to allow any man to "underwrite" the whole cam-

paign. The more taking part the better, is true in a financial as in every other way. Frankness and publicity at the outset often save from embarrassment and humiliation later on. Inefficient financial management has been the " fly in the ointment " of many an evangelistic campaign.

No Evangelistic Imitators. Avoid men who are echoes or imitators of others. When Moody and Sankey returned from Great Britain in 1875 they found themselves famous. In a few months hundreds of men on both sides the Atlantic were aping the men and their methods, and something like it is happening now. For a man to fall into the slang of the street or to adopt the vernacular of any calling, and to smash articles of furniture on platforms, because " Billy " Sunday has been known to do it, is to miss the real secret of the man's power and to make himself ridiculous. When Gough, the temperance advocate, died, Theodore Cuyler said, " Providence never repeats himself; he'll never treat us to another John B. Gough." This is substantially true of all the remarkable men called and used of God in evangelism. Each one has had his own peculiar gifts, constituting that subtle, indescribable something called personality, and through that personality God came by

his Spirit convincing and persuading men. Other men, trying to use their peculiar methods, may find themselves in the position of the vagabond Jews at Ephesus, who called over them that had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, "We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth," when the evil spirit answered and said, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?" Attempting Paul's method, they were overcome and fled, "naked and wounded." How then can a man appeal to his age, arrest and grip it? Only as he preaches a Christ which his own heart knows and loves and serves. But why am I stressing evangelism? Because so many of our churches, missionary and self-supporting, go through a whole season without any additions on confession of faith. Some years more than half of all the churches in the State do not report a single baptism. Any reference to this condition nearly always awakens resentment. Pastors contend that baptisms are not the test of efficiency, that "Eternity will show results." All the same, I insist that baptisms are a test, if not the test, of efficiency, and if results are expected everywhere else in this world, why should there be an exception in the realm of religion? Campbell Morgan says, "If a church is existing only by letters of

transfer it is time its doors were closed, and 'Ichabod, the glory of the Lord has departed,' was inscribed across them." "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

V

THE PRAYER-MEETING AND WHY IT OUGHT TO BE MAGNIFIED

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"Has the prayer-meeting had its day, and is it a thing of the past?" That very question, announcing the subject of a Sunday morning sermon, I have seen on the bulletin-board of a great up-town church in New York within a year or two. Evidently it was a thing of the past with that church and its pastor, or the question would not have been raised. In the Epistle to the Hebrews we are exhorted "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together"—another way of saying that we ought to magnify the appointments of the Lord's house, and I think he had in mind the social gatherings on a week-night, as well as those for public worship on the Lord's Day. Can one hope to say anything new on a subject so threadbare? Perhaps nothing new; certainly some things true, as tried and proved in pastoral experiences of many years. I shall give two or three reasons, then, why the prayer-meeting ought to be magnified.

1. What the Prayer-meeting Means to the Preacher. A few years ago *The Examiner* had a discriminating editorial on the "finding quality in the sermon." Most of us know what was meant, for we have often been in churches in which the whole service was formal and uninteresting, with no personal element in it, nothing that found us. Again, we have gone, wearied in mind and body, with life's burdens resting heavily upon us, perhaps have gone out of a sense of duty; and while we have waited, in the song and prayer and testimony our burdens have been lifted; those things that perplex and annoy have been forgotten; and we have gone out refreshed and glad. Something in the service found us. Fatigued by sightseeing and travel, I went into a little English chapel one summer Sunday afternoon in Heidelberg, where I could hardly keep awake. On the way out I was greatly comforted to hear an Englishwoman speak of it as a "dreary performance, nothing in it that any one could carry away." No "finding quality"! We differentiate preachers by their ability or inability to put the "finding quality" into their sermons. But when a sermon finds us, is it not because the man who made it had us, or some one like us, in mind? Just as skilful physicians write out

their prescriptions after making a careful diagnosis of their patients, so helpful preachers make their sermons with reference to the needs of their hearers. But how can they do this? How can they know the conditions under which their people are living, or the peculiar experiences through which they are passing? Only as they come in personal touch with them somewhere.

When I was pastor of a church with sixty members in a small town I could see nearly all of them on Saturday afternoon, and in that way insure their presence in the services on Sunday, but when I had a thousand members scattered in a city of thirty thousand it was a different thing, requiring fifteen hundred or two thousand calls every year. Not an easy task, but one that must be undertaken, for "the man who is invisible six days in the week will be incomprehensible on the seventh."

But while the pastor must know his people in order to preach helpfully to them, he cannot live on the streets, nor can he spend the larger part of his time in their homes. A man who was an untiring pastor in a large town startled his people by resigning his pastorate at the end of two years, and when they demanded a reason he frankly replied that "his pond had run out." So

much of his time had been spent on the streets and in their homes that study and preparation had been neglected, and he was seeking relief in change.

Time must be found for study and pulpit preparation. Spurgeon rightly says, "The pulpit is the Thermopylæ of this war," and in the last analysis the man stands or falls by the work done there. How then can he obtain the knowledge of his hearers so essential to his helpfulness as a preacher? Here we see the place and value of the prayer-meeting, for it is what Beecher calls "the voice of the church," where in prayer and song and confession their great heart needs are made known. In that service they empower him to bring a finding, helpful message to them on Sunday. I have gone to prayer-meeting many a time unable as yet to determine what I would preach about the coming Sunday. While there the meeting grew, one after another taking part, sermons have been suggested, and when delivered have had the "finding quality" in them. The prayer-meeting is the clinic of the church. If ill or in trouble, the preacher should go to the people, but when able they should come to him. So I say the prayer-meeting should be magnified, first, because of what it means to the man in the pulpit,

informing and enabling him to be helpful to the people in his ministrations.

2. What the Prayer-meeting Means to the People. There is always helpfulness in association with those of like aims and purposes. Ministers, musicians, artists, lawyers, doctors, and teachers, those in all professions, come together for mutual inspiration. Nowhere is this truer or more important than in the realm of religion. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," the prophet tells us, and we know what they were speaking about, for "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." When persecuted in the apostolic time "the disciples being let go went unto their own people"; the law of spiritual affinity took them there, and it would have been against their Christianity had they gone elsewhere. You have gone to prayer-meeting, thinking God had singled you out for some peculiar trial, but as you have listened to the outpouring of other hearts you have recalled the apostle's words, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man," and you have been comforted in the thought that you were not alone in your trial; others were in the "same boat."

Then it is the place where we get new

visions of Christ. When the two disciples, disappointed and sorrowing, were going back to Emmaus on the afternoon of the resurrection, "while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." At the end of that memorable journey, in which he had "expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself," they constrained him to go in and abide with them, and in the breaking of bread he was made known unto them, and then vanished out of their sight. "And they rose up at the same hour," forgot all their sorrows and weariness in the new vision of him, "and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered, and they told them what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread." "And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you." What an argument for the prayer-meeting! As we commune and reason about the things that have happened to us, the Master comes and shows himself again. After all, brethren, is not this new vision of the Master and the consciousness of his presence the great need of our churches in city, town, and country? Carlyle in his last years got a letter now and

then from Emerson, whom he had met in early life. These letters from Concord he declared to be open windows in the heavens to his soul. If there is any place where the windows of heaven are open above us, and where we look into the face of Jesus Christ, I believe it is the place where we gather for prayer.

Fellowship is also promoted in the prayer-meeting, because in our prayers and testimonies we reveal ourselves. In my first pastorate, a business man, member of a church in Brooklyn, was often in our Sunday evening service. Because of his position with a great corporation there was considerable prejudice against him in the community. When his daughter was baptized into our church he concluded to cast in his lot with us. Knowing the popular feeling against him, I was somewhat disturbed, but the first time he was heard in prayer at our midweek service all prejudice was gone, and the people went out saying they had never known the man till they heard him pray. We reveal ourselves in the prayer-meeting and at the same time find and recognize the best that is in our brethren.

3. What the Prayer-meeting Means to the Church. In the corridors of our great hotels there is what business men call the

"ticker," that enables them to tell at a glance the market value of securities. The prayer-meeting is the "ticker" of the church, showing pretty nearly the place and influence it has in the community. If the "church is Christianity organized for the conquest of the world," then the prayer-meeting is its training-ground and girding-place, and its real working power is usually found there. As I look back through thirty-four years in the active pastorate, and recall the influential factors in the four churches served, they are almost invariably the men and women who were active in the prayer-meeting. I am not disposed to emphasize this point in such a way as to oppress some unavoidably kept away, but even they will bear me out in saying that the throbbing heart of the church is felt there as in no other service, and for that reason I was always urging newcomers quickly to find their place there. In his little book on "The Church of To-day," Joseph Henry Crooker has a remarkable chapter on "Religion as a Corporate Life," which he defines to be the sum total of all the influences exerted by all the members of the church, living and dead, which abide, a permanent life influence in the community. Just as in the fall of the year the tree draws out of the

leaf and back into itself the "vital stuff" that is in the leaf, for service another year, so the church, as a great tree of life, draws into itself and preserves the influence of the individual as he passes on, so that long after he has gone away like the fading leaf the spiritual substance of his life remains in the organism to enrich and bless others. From the fulness of this corporate life the weak are strengthened, by it the sorrowing are comforted, and through it the sinful are chastened. Thus organized, incorporated, instituted, it is a permanent evangel among men, and nowhere, to my mind, do we come into such vital contact with it as in the prayer-meeting.

Moreover, it seems to be the place peculiarly favorable to the precipitation of religious experience. While many of us were impressed and heard the call of God in the public service or through a personal friend, most of us really surrendered and took the "ultimate step" in the prayer-meeting. Because then of what this service means to the man in the pulpit, the people in the pews, and the church in the community we ought to make more of it. The outcome of evangelistic effort in the churches this season will be determined very largely by what our attitude toward the prayer-meeting has been.

VI

HOW TO MAGNIFY THE PRAYER-MEETING

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Chapter V was printed as a leaflet and quite generally distributed over New York State. Some pastors and theological professors commend it, showing they still believe in the prayer-meeting, while others have sneeringly said, "Let the poor old thing alone." Still others, approving the position taken, have asked for some hints on how to magnify it. While conscious that I shall be on "thin ice" here, the importance of the subject leads me to venture.

We Can Magnify the Prayer-meeting, first, By our Presence, by being there ourselves, not simply when convenient, but habitually. Let me begin with the minister. Some pastors in this busy age are out of their prayer-meetings once or twice every month, and then wonder why the service is not more successful. They do not magnify it themselves, why should anybody else? I met one such pastor on his way to an up-State Association the other summer, and he seemed anxious to get back that night,

for it was his church prayer-meeting from which he had been absent six consecutive services already. He was hearing the call to manage the affairs of the whole denomination over the country, and of course a little matter like his own church prayer-meeting could not stand in the way of this larger service. "Meddling with world problems" is what they call this "larger ministry" which absolves them from their own pastoral duties. "Real duties never clash," some one has said, and I doubt if there is any real duty anywhere that calls the average pastor from his own church on a prayer-meeting night. Possibly there are exceptions, but they are rare. I have not missed a commencement at Colgate in thirty years, but I have frequently "cut out" the alumni dinner, so as to be in my midweek meeting. I would have been readily excused, but what would have become of all my teaching along that line? I cannot, in fact, I have no right, to ask my people to stand for a service, when I do not stand for it myself. A year rarely passed, when in the pastorate, that I did not preach a sermon emphasizing the prayer-meeting, and the importance of our fidelity to it. If I had lightly excused myself, what would have been the effect of my sermon? But while

I urge the pastor's presence, I do not mean he shall be the whole thing, do all the talking. A man accepted a call to a large church whose prayer-room was crowded, and in less than two years he talked it nearly empty. Many of the chairs were stored in out-of-the-way places and the rest arranged so as to give more aisle and less seating space. Gifted in speech he easily used most of the time himself, then called on two or three and closed. Freedom and spontaneity were throttled. In fact, he let it be known that he did not believe in the value of the average man's testimony. It was "not conducive to edification," and soon the meeting dwindled. So I say, he must be there, there on time, and the people must be welcomed and encouraged as factors in the service. More than that, everybody must be made to feel that they can come and not be singled out in prayer or in any way have attention called to them. Let it be clearly understood that anybody can come and go from that service, just as freely as from the public worship on Sunday. Welcome strangers warmly when they come, but do not express surprise or act as if it were an unusual thing for them to be there. I tried for months to get a certain man in prayer-meeting, and the first time he came, a dea-

con said: "What, you here? Aren't you afraid the building will fall on you?" And yet we make deacons and trustees out of such fools! Make the service informal and free, with a sweet homelike atmosphere, a sort of weekly gathering of the family, and it will come to be regarded as a place where their bodies are rested, their cares forgotten, and their spirits refreshed. They will come then not out of a sense of duty, but because they love to come. A little boy was taken by his mother to the primary class in our Sunday School, rather against his own will. The teacher was wise and knew something about the management of boys, and when the time came to take the offering she said: "We have a new scholar today; his father helps to take the collection in church; perhaps he'll help us to take it here." He fell right in with the plan and at the close of the service said, "I want to belong." Make the prayer service what it ought to be, and give the people their true place in it, and they will assuredly "want to belong."

We Can Magnify the Prayer-meeting, in the second place, By a Preparation for It. Not the kind of mental preparation that enables a man to print on a card six months beforehand what will be the subject of each

meeting. The man with a theological program to exploit may do that, but it will hardly be a prayer-meeting. To my mind the prayer service should not be too studied, but should grow largely out of the life of the people and be helpful to them in the experiences through which they are passing; and who can tell what those experiences will be months in advance? Mr. Beecher said he was all the while "growing sermons" into which the events and scenes of daily life entered as factors, and when Sunday came he shook the tree and the ripest fruit fell. The most important hour in all the week he declared was just before the service, when he was beating himself up into what he called the "higher mood." We want that sort of preparation for the prayer-meeting, beating ourselves up into the higher mood. One of the reasons why so many of us preachers "beat the air" and accomplish so little with our sermons is that there is such meager preparation for the service on the part of our people. William Arnot, in that great book "The Church in the House," says, "If my dear people would only spend the last few moments before coming to service, taking veils off their hearts instead of putting veils on their faces, how much more helpful I could be to

them!" I do not mean to belittle mental preparation, but when that has been carefully done, and the time for the service arrives, the preacher will often find that some startling event has happened within a few hours, and in spite of himself the prayers and testimonies of the people will be out of the fulness of their hearts, colored by what has just happened. Under such circumstances, a wise leader will lay aside his carefully prepared address and fall in with the line of thought uppermost in the minds of his hearers. Anyhow, he will seek to utilize, correct, and properly direct their thought, or he may be sidetracked himself. The necessity for such a change will be exceptional, however, and does not militate against preparation. Be there early and be ready to set the meeting going. Do not sing the spirit all out of the people before the service really begins. Carefully select the hymns from which you expect to make your choice during the evening, so as not to be fumbling over a book looking for a hymn, while others are praying. Above all cultivate the spontaneous singing of a verse of some old familiar hymn now and then. Nothing lifts a meeting at certain stages like a verse sung in that way. Half the effect is lost if the number has to be an-

nounced, followed by a great commotion in finding the place.

Thirdly and lastly, Participation in the Service is Essential, prayer and testimony by the people as well as by the leader. And do not be afraid of "long prayers," if they are real prayers and not "dreary drivel." In the church of my childhood there were strong, untutored men who could pray with such unction and power that the place where we met was literally "shaken" and the whole service lifted up to the very throne of God. They were not "sentence prayers" that Christian Endeavor has made fashionable in our day when some one sits with a pad and pencil to keep tab on the number that take part, as if the value and power of a prayer-meeting could be tabulated by any such picayune method. I heard Doctor Lorimer say in his last days that his "old heart was yearning to hear some man again who had piety enough to pray for half an hour." I am not advocating long prayers, but I am not afraid of them if they are real, not simulated. Nor am I afraid of what is termed "the awful pause." I recall the Scripture, "And David sat before the Lord," an indication that our heavenly Father is pleased to have us quietly and reverently sit in his presence, even though an

" everlasting chattering " is not going on. Such moments in a service are beautiful to me, times when God can speak and there is some possibility of our hearing. Nor can a service always be closed at a set time. Elder Swan, one of the great evangelists of the last generation said, " You cannot run the kingdom of God on the clock," and he was right. A Methodist bishop, speaking to a class of young men he was ordaining, said, " There are sermons that are long at half an hour, and there are sermons that are short at an hour and a half." He cautioned them against allowing some lawyer in the congregation to snap his watch on them at the end of an hour. That " lawyer " he said, " takes whole days in court, with witnesses and a jury of twelve men, at the public expense, trying to establish the ownership of a peck of onions, while you are dealing with immortal interests. Do not allow him to limit you in your great task." Usually an hour is long enough for the service, but there are times when unusual interest develops, and you can afford to go on longer. These last few moments in such meetings are the " critical moments," and the " prayer-meeting bummer " must be headed off and guarded against. When the fire really gets to burning there will be no lack of partici-

pants. What is needed is a goodly number of consecrated men and women who can be relied upon to help build the fire and do it without being called upon. To keep the last moments of such a service when you want to fasten impressions and fix destinies, sacred and free, will tax your wisdom and courage, but somehow you must do it if the end of the service is to be secured. How can it be done? By kindly but frankly dealing with the offenders. The man who is always ready to confess other people's sins, but rarely his own, must be put in his true place or silenced altogether. One of that type of men used to get up about ten minutes before I wanted to close, and evidently I betrayed my feeling in my face, knowing that the end of all things was at hand for that meeting, for when I went into his place of business he said, "Pastor, whenever I get up to speak I notice you look at the face of the clock." "Yes," I said, "and I look at the face of the people before I look at the clock, and if you insist on this course I am going to call for a show of hands to see how many want to hear you, and I imagine that will reveal a condition that will make it impossible for you ever to open your mouth there again." He took the hint and "governed himself accordingly," for he had rea-

son to know I was his friend. Frankness saved the situation for me, and it will usually do it if done in the right spirit. These are what Mr. Beecher used to call "the flies in the ointment." At the close of a great prayer-meeting in Plymouth Church, when he had been speaking on the love of God as revealed in Jesus Christ and his sympathy for struggling men, one of these men with fiery red hair rose and said, "Mr. Beecher, I feel just like laying this red head of mine in the Master's bosom." "What could I do after that?" asked Mr. Beecher. Nothing but close the meeting. "Nevertheless," he said when relating the incident, "I believe in the prayer-meeting." So, in spite of all the "flies in the ointment," for I too have had my trials in that direction, let me say that I believe in the prayer-meeting, and I believe it can be made very much more valuable to all our churches. The man in the pulpit must believe in it, and it comes pretty near being a part of his job to give it its rightful place. Certainly he must not let the impression get abroad that it bores him.

VII

DANGEROUS SUNDAY SCHOOL TENDENCIES

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In spite of all that can be said of the beneficent influence of the Sunday School, there are those who think they can discern some possible dangers in its present tendencies. My mother carried me into the Sunday School, before I was able to walk there, and either as pupil, teacher, or superintendent I have been there ever since. Many years a pastor I rightly value all that the Sunday School has meant to the work in which I have been a factor, and yet I sometimes wonder if there are not phases of its activity that need safeguarding? Ready to resent any indiscriminate attack upon the school as an institution, may it not be well for even its friends to inquire if some of its enthusiastic promoters are not in danger of losing sight of the fundamental idea for which it came into existence? Let me call attention to two or three possible dangers.

First, The Danger Toward the Home. The earliest of all institutions is the family, older than the Sunday School, or even the

church. The family is also underneath all the rest, for God founds the church and the nation upon the family, and that complex thing called civilization is progressive, permanent, and beautiful only as it recognizes the place and the sacredness of the family. When the Roman mother counted her children as her jewels, the nation was safe; but when the laws of family life were disregarded, as in the Augustan age, the nation was already tottering to its fall. "The republic of a hundred years is at the fireside of today," said the Roman orator. The church is there too, and what the church and nation are yet to be will depend largely on the attitude of fathers and mothers toward their parental obligations. Growing out of the family relation is the duty of prayerful, persistent, religious instruction, a duty that never can be delegated to another. "Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up" (Deut. 6 : 7).

No device of Sunday School, or any other institution, should be allowed to interfere with the "irreversible obligation" of parents in all time to teach their children the great eternal verities of their religion. I ask

if the Sunday School of today is not taking over, perhaps invading, the realm of parental religious instruction? Are we not making it easy for parents to neglect this divinely imposed duty by practically abdicating in favor of the modern Sunday School teacher? Some of us can remember when it was the custom to assemble the family on Sunday afternoon after dinner to recall the morning sermon and make personal application of its teaching. How many families do that now? I should be afraid to call for a show of hands on that point in an average congregation. "But are not all the children in the Sunday School?" Yes, and to a great extent we have turned over the whole moral and religious teaching of the rising generation into the hands of the modern Sunday School teacher. I do not say this has been done deliberately or intentionally, but that has been the result all the same, and in just so far as this has been, the very end for which the Sunday School came into being has been defeated. The teaching in the Sunday School may and ought always to supplement that of the home, but never supplant it. Anyhow it was not primarily intended for the children of Christian homes, but for those of godless homes. The germ of the Sunday

School is found in the passage: "Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, . . and that their children, which have not known, may hear, and learn to fear the Lord your God" (Deut. 31 : 12). In English and Scotch homes, where I have been a guest and have expressed surprise that their children were not in a Sunday School, the instant reply has been, "We are taught at home, the Sunday School is for those who have no such teaching at home." Are they not right? Lycurgus, the Spartan ruler, severed the tie binding together the parent and child, and established a sort of public nursery. Are we not in danger of repeating the folly, in another direction, by making a spiritual public nursery of the Sunday School?

A Second Possible Danger is Toward the Scriptures. I think I appreciate all the items that go to make up the "equipment" of an up-to-date Sunday School, such as "maps," "charts," "wall rolls," "blackboards," "sand-maps," and "quarterlies," but in the maze of all these things are we not likely to lose sight of the word itself? "These words which I command thee this

day shall be in thine heart," and these were the words that they were to "teach diligently unto their children." These words were to be "a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path." They were also to enlighten the understanding, for "the entrance of thy word giveth light." Then, they were to safeguard the "heart out of which are the issues of life," for the Psalmist says, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Presumably all these "helps" are calculated to illuminate, illustrate, and enforce the Scriptures, but do they? Indeed I am sometimes tempted to ask if the latter days are so much better than the former? In the old home church where I first went to Sunday School, we had only a six-cent copy of the New Testament, without references, maps, or helps of any kind. After the session was opened with prayer and the singing of Robert Lowry's hymns, the pupils began the recitation of Scripture verses memorized during the week. The lesson assigned was seven verses as a minimum. Whole chapters, in some instances whole Gospels, were memorized, "hid in the heart," by boys and girls in those days, whereas now there seems to be no place in the curriculum for that sort of thing. A Sunday School "expert" came

to speak to the teachers in Mount Vernon, and spent the whole evening on a "Sand Map, its Construction and its Uses." When I asked him what place there was in his scheme for memorizing Scripture, he said, "Absolutely none, I don't believe in it, except by the law of indirection. Incidentally, as the pupils make the map, locate its places of interest, and associate the great men of the Bible with them, they will come to be familiar with their words." A novel notion surely, and I wonder if any considerable number of our Sunday School "experts" hold that view?[1]

A Third Possible Danger is Toward the Church. One of the notable preachers of the last generation used to speak of the Sunday School as "the children's church," an unfortunate characterization, for on the ground of their presence in the Sunday School many children are excused from the services of the church, and then when they drop out of the school, as many of them in-

[1] Since the above was written, I have been delighted to find that our Publication Society in its series of Graded Quarterly Lessons makes special provision for memorizing the Scripture. Columbia University is also establishing an innovation among our great educational institutions by making the Bible an examination unit for entrance. Included in the examinations will be the memorizing of passages from the Bible, Hebrew history from the Egyptian period to the destruction of the Jewish Commonwealth in A. D. 70, and the origin of the different books of the Bible, and how they have passed down to the present generation. Surely this is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

evitably do, with no church habit, they are lost to the church entirely. Is not this evil "unclasping the clinging associations of childhood from the sanctuary," and giving us a generation of non-churchgoers? One Sunday morning last summer, I went to speak in a church, the pastor of which had been taken ill the night before, and where the school met previous to the church service. When I arrived there were more people outside, going away from the church, the superintendent among them, than were inside to hear me speak. They were not running away from me, for they did not know I was coming. That was their custom, making the Sunday School their church. If a child or an adult cannot attend both, by all means let him attend the church, and any organization, be it Sunday School, young people's society, organized class, or even Young Men's Christian Association, that leads away from the church and not to it, is defeating the fundamental idea of its own being. Moreover, the value of any of these organizations is to be measured by what it means to the services of the church, the preaching service, and the church prayer-meeting. I am not an alarmist, but with the increasing number of organizations in the name and under the roof of the

church, and in view of the effects some of them are having upon the stated meetings of the church, I feel that the time has come when we must exalt the church itself and stand for its services as never before. For myself, I rather deprecate the separation of the church into so many classes, "young," "old," "primary," "intermediate," and "senior." In the forest one finds the giant oak that has stood for a hundred years, and the seedling just piercing the sod, and there is every species of plant, shrub, and tree between those extremes. The same sun warms and quickens them, the same dew and rain cleanses and refreshes them and the same storms rage about and test them. They sprout, grow, and mature in the same soil and under the same influences. In due time each gets what it needs. They grow together. That is God's way in nature. Is it not also his way in grace?

VIII

THE COUNTRY CHURCH ONCE MORE

THE COUNTRY CHURCH ONCE MORE

In making a plea for the country minister in a recent number of "The Watchman-Examiner," the writer again calls attention to the relation of the rural church to the denomination and the world. To my mind, this relation has never been more vital than now, and has never imposed upon us a larger obligation to care for such churches.

An Adirondack pastor says: "Here is my problem: If I receive a dozen young people in my church this season when I return from my vacation next autumn, all of them who are not anchored by a mother's money or a father's business will be gone." The moment these young people become Christians they get a new outlook on life, its meaning, and its possibilities, and begin at once to feel the stirring of ambition to do a man's or a woman's work in the world. To prepare for active careers they go to the great cities with their increased educational facilities, so that the rural church is being all the while depleted, in some cases decimated and

desolated, in the interest of the larger churches in the populous centers.

Some men born in cities, may read this statement with a feeling of resentment, but it is true, nevertheless, that ministers, missionaries, musicians, artists, editors, lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers, and captains of industry in almost overwhelming numbers come from the country. If we had space to call the roll of the heroes of faith in our national and church life the readers would be amazed at the result. Offhand, without any careful or systematic examination, let me give some concrete illustrations of how the rural places are our source of supply. I can cite more cases from the ministry than from other callings, because I am more familiar with them, but the proportion is about the same in all the professions. Note this list:

Newton Lloyd Andrews, for fifty-three years teacher of Greek at Colgate, came from the village of Fabius; John L. Heffron, physician, dean of the medical faculty of Syracuse University, and Ceylon H. Lewis, the well-known lawyer, were born in the same town, and received early religious impressions from the little Baptist church there; Aaron Hale Burlingham, pastor of churches in Pittsburgh, Boston, New York, the American Chapel in Paris, and in the

last years of his life, representative of the Foreign Mission Society, came from Castile. Frank O. Belden, many years of the Main Street Church, Binghamton, then of Mount Vernon, now of San Diego, Calif., was also born there. Saugerties, one of the old towns of Hudson River Valley, gave to Albany and New York Charles DeW. Bridgman, one of the most charming men and brilliant preachers of the last generation. Busti, a far-off little place in Chautauqua County, has given sixteen men to our ministry, F. P. Stoddard among them. Such a contribution alone would have justified the existence of that church.

In the same country, near Frewsburg, John E. Clough, our apostle to the Telugus, was born. January 21, 1867, he organized a church at Ongole, with eight members. In twelve years it had grown to thirteen thousand, the largest church in the world. In six weeks of the summer of 1878, more than eight thousand were baptized into its fellowship by Clough and his helpers. Pentecostal seasons came again to men through his ministry. The whole Christian world is familiar with the career of this boy from Frewsburg.

The old town of Homer, now a suburb of Cortland, gave to the educational and

diplomatic world Andrew D. White, and to religious journalism Edward S. Bright. Justin D. Fulton, preacher, editor, author, and lecturer, was born in Sherburne, N. Y., where his father was pastor of the Baptist church. George D. Adams, preacher, college president, and now pastor at Mount Vernon, N. Y., came from the same town. H. W. Barnes, so long Secretary of the New York State Convention, was a boy in the church at Owego. The Genung brothers, authors, teachers, preachers; C. M. Brink, professor of English History at Kalamazoo; and Henry W. Sherwood, pastor at Syracuse, Kingston, and Hudson Falls, were all born near by and licensed from the same church. John D. Rockefeller lived in the vicinity, attending the Free Academy, where Washington Gladden and Benjamin F. Tracy were also pupils.

A. C. Osborn, one of the oldest living graduates of Colgate, pastor at Louisville, Ky., St. Louis, Mo., North Adams, Mass., Albany and Broooklyn, N. Y., and for the last ten years of his public life president of Benedict Institute, South Carolina, was born at North Wilna, Jefferson County. W. W. Dawley, pastor at Gloversville, Duluth, St. Paul, and then at Syracuse, came from the same place.

The little hamlet of Great Bend, where the church numbers but a dozen members, just now taking on new life, gave us C. H. Merrill of Gloversville, and Woolworth, the "Ten Cent Store" man, who is a Methodist. The village of Elbridge, near Syracuse, contributed the Rhoades Brothers, W. C. P., of the Borough of Brooklyn, and Charles L., of Fredonia. The Sears brothers, Albert Barnes, of Syracuse, and Charles H., superintendent of the New York City Mission Society and author, came from Delphi Falls in the same locality. From Red Creek, Wayne County, we got George G. Dutcher, of the Borough of Brooklyn, first vice-president of the Convention, and Dr. James A. Bennett, long treasurer of the New York City Mission Society. Arthur Jones, many years pastor at Waterford and Newburgh, for twenty-three years professor of Homiletics at Colgate, was born in South Trenton. Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery was the gift of the church in the same place to the denomination and the world.

M. J. Winchester, of Oswego, was the twenty-third man to enter our ministry from the little church in Truthville, Washington County; W. S. Warren of Greene, the thirty-third man from the church in Truxton. E. J. Farley, for more than twenty

years pastor in Oneonta, and one of the most influential men in that section of the State, came from Kingsbury, near Lake George. C. S. Pendleton, pastor of the Second Church, Oneonta, long prominent in Free Baptist circles, was an Oxford boy. Thomas O. Conant, thirty-five years on the staff of "The Examiner," with great pride showed the writer the house in Hamilton where he was born. John B. Calvert, preacher and so long president of our Convention, came from a Cortland County village. Curtis Lee Laws, pastor in Baltimore and Brooklyn, now the versatile editor of our great denominational journal, is the gift of a little town in Virginia. Howard B. Grose, preacher, professor, author, and editor of "Missions," was born in Millerton, N. Y., where his father was pastor. Louis J. Gross, thirty-three years pastor of the church at Barker, was a boy in Interlaken.

T. J. Whitaker, twenty-five years in Bushwick Avenue, Borough of Brooklyn, received his earliest impressions in the church at Deposit. His nephews, the Briggs boys, George, of Buffalo, and Charles W., now director of Bible Schools and Young People's Work in New York State, came from the same church.

W. S. Clapp, for thirty years pastor at Carmel, easily the ablest man in all that section of the State east of the Hudson River, was born in Stillwater. Calvary Church, Borough of Manhattan, and the medical profession of New York are indebted to the little town of Redwood for Dr. Wendell C. Phillips. Nathan Bishop, one of the most generous and useful laymen New York ever had, was the gift of Vernon. Ticonderoga, historic and picturesque, was the birthplace of Joseph Cook, whose father was a Baptist deacon there, and of A. A. Kendrick, professor of Shurtleff College. Unadilla gave us W. J. Quincy, of Schenectady, while Harpursville, not far away, sent A. W. Bourne, who served great churches in Gloversville, Auburn, and Buffalo.

Charles E. Hughes, lawyer, law professor, governor, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and presidential candidate, was born in what was then the village of Glens Falls, where his father preached. L. W. Cronkhite, missionary to Burma, was his boyhood friend in the same neighborhood.

G. W. Lasher, long editor and proprietor of "The Journal and Messenger," was born in Duanesburg. William I. Knapp, professor of Romance Languages at Colgate,

Vassar, Yale, and Chicago, and author of many books in the Spanish language, also diplomatic adviser, was a Greenport boy. Henry L. Morehouse, for half a century the most potent factor in shaping and carrying out the policy of our great Home Mission Society on this continent, first saw the light in Stanford, Dutchess County, while Henry M. Flagler, the oil man, came from Hammondsport.

Last, but not least, William Newton Clarke, preacher, author and theological professor, known and admired wherever our language is spoken, was a native of Cazenovia, where his father served the village church.

This list might be almost indefinitely prolonged by the names of men notable in all the walks of life, but enough instances have been given to establish my contention.

At the close of a service in a large church, in which the writer had been making an appeal for the rural interests, a prominent man said that if he were in my place as president of the Convention, he would "wring the necks of a score of those little churches and put them out of business." Nothing could be farther from the spirit of the Nazarene than indiscriminately to close up any considerable number of these little

churches in the country. More than that, it would be a suicidal policy, because of the relation they sustain to all our denominational activities.

The last time Gipsy Smith was in this country he was given a great reception in one of the Manhattan churches before sailing for home. In responding to some complimentary words that had been spoken about him and his work, he said, " Brethren, when I return from campaigns like this, where I have been signally honored of God and men, I go into a little room in my home in Cambridge, England, and standing before a picture on the wall, a rude copy of the gipsy wagon in which my mother gave me birth, I say to my own heart, ' Don't be lifted up; there's where you began.' "

So my brethren, ministers and laymen, in large churches, in towns and cities, let me express the hope that you will not be lifted up, or forgetful of the places where your real life began, little churches in far-off rural localities where you caught your first vision of life and its possibilities, here and hereafter. Because of what these churches have been to you and multitudes like you, because of what they now mean to the communities where they exist, I ask you to help us keep them open that they may go on doing for

others what they did for you. Can we depend on your cooperation?

Further Illustrations

The many kind words spoken or written about the preceding paragraphs on the country church as a source of supply when they appeared as an article in "The Watchman-Examiner," leads me to supplement them with further illustrations. In that article I confined myself, with one exception, to men born or now living within New York State. Now, in addition to native New Yorkers, I cite some men and women who came from other territory. On a closer examination one is embarrassed with the wealth of material, and hardly knows where to begin or to end. Some one else compiling a list might make even a more favorable showing for the rural church without repeating the names in mine.

Galusha Anderson, preacher, author, theological professor, and college president, came from Bergen, Genesee County; Wallace Butterick, pastor in New Haven, St. Paul, and Albany, and now secretary of the General Education Board from Potsdam, St. Lawrence County; L. A. Crandall, of Owego, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and

Minneapolis, from Plymouth, Chenango County. Fanny Crosby, just now gone from us at the age of ninety-five, author of more devotional hymns than any other singer of our time, came from Brewster, Putnam County, while R. E. Burton, twenty-five years in Delaware Street Church, Syracuse, recently deceased, came from Clyde, Wayne County.

Theodore Cuyler, Presbyterian preacher in Manhattan and Brooklyn, prolific writer on devotional themes, author of several books, Young Men's Christian Association worker, and temperance advocate, was always grateful for his childhood days in Aurora, on the shore of Cayuga Lake.

Chester A. Arthur, president of the United States, though born just over the line in a Vermont village, spent most of his early years in Eastern New York towns, where his father served Baptist churches. The pastor of one of these churches recently showed the writer a bathroom that was once young Arthur's bedroom. Grover Cleveland, lawyer, mayor, governor, president, was born in a Presbyterian parsonage in the village of Caldwell, N. J., but more than twenty years of his life were passed in Fayetteville, Clinton, and Holland Patent, towns in Central New York. Martin Van

Buren, lawyer and president, was a native of Kinderhook, Columbia County. Samuel J. Tilden, lawyer, reformer, governor, presidential candidate, and benefactor was the gift of New Lebanon in the same section.

David Jayne Hill, preacher, professor, author, college president (Bucknell and Rochester), assistant secretary of state, and our representative at foreign courts, was licensed by the church at Pawling, Dutchess County, where his father was the preacher. C. H. Dodd, pastor in Mount Vernon, Newark, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, was a boy in Almond, in the southern tier. James (" Jim ") Betts, teacher, lawyer, justice of the Supreme Court, was a farmer's son in the open country in Saratoga County, where the writer has often been. Pharcellus Church, preacher, editor of " The Watchman and Reflector," Boston, then editor and proprietor of " The Chronicle," New York, later merged with " The Examiner," came from Seneca, now Geneva, N. Y.

Elmer E. Ellsworth, colonel of Zouaves, personal friend of Lincoln, whose premature death so deeply stirred the hearts of the North in the early days of the Civil War, was a Mechanicsville boy, and his body now lies in his native place.

The Dean brothers, Leonard J. and Delevan D., both came from Morrisville, Madison County, the birthplace of William Dean, their illustrious relative, for fifty years missionary to China. Emily C. Judson came from the same church.

William Groom, whose early taking off brought such sorrow to the churches in Amsterdam and Ballston, was born in Broadalbin, Fulton County, where his father was eighteen years pastor of the church in which Jonathan Wade, fifty years missionary to Burma, was ordained in 1823. Nearly a dozen young men have been licensed to preach by this church since then, Loren Rowley, of Edmeston, Clayton Grinnell, of Altoona, Pa., and the writer, among them. Galway, an inland town, twelve miles east, is where Eugenio Kincaid was ordained and served as pastor before going as missionary to Burma. Both Wade and Kincaid were members of the first seminary class graduated at Hamilton in 1822. Forty years ago John Humpstone was ordained at Galway, serving the church as pastor for one year. At Vail Mills, a mile west of Broadalbin, where the writer first went to school, lived W. E. Wait, author of "Wait's Law and Practice," a series of books found in every law library of the last

generation. The little office in which most of the work on the earlier volumes was done is now used as a hen-house by one of the residents of the village. Duncan Kennedy, a notable Presbyterian minister, was born less than a mile away. Ten miles west is the historic village of Johnstown, where Daniel Cady practised law, and where his famous daughter, Elisabeth Cady Stanton, was born and reared. Joshua Day, who was stricken in Calvary pulpit in Albany, left a business position in Johnstown to enter the ministry.

Four miles south, in the Mohawk Valley, is the quaint old town of Fultonville, the home of John H. Starin, member of Congress and founder of the River and Harbor Transportation Company, New York. In Glen, three miles away, Abram Vreeland, the father of fifteen children, was pastor of the village church, with an afternoon appointment at Tribes Hill, the southern terminal of the Indian Trail between the Sacondaga and Mohawk rivers. H. H. Vreeland, prominent in street and steam railway circles of the country, was born in the Glen parsonage. On a recent visit there with the writer, he found in the garret of the old house the cradle in which his mother rocked him.

A little farther up the valley, on the north side, back of Herkimer, the home of United States Senator Warner Miller, is the little village of Newport, where, in the Baptist parsonage, was born W. C. Brown, many years president of the New York Central Lines. Still further on is Deerfield, a suburb of Utica, where Horatio Seymour, lawyer, historian, and governor lived. Nine miles south we come to Clinton, seat of Hamilton College and the home of Elihu Root, lawyer, secretary of state, secretary of war, United States senator, and Nobel Prize man. Three generations of the Roots were born here.

President Schurman of Cornell, Charles A. Eaton, of the Borough of Manhattan, W. B. Wallace of Rochester, J. A. Huntley, of Troy, N. Y., and A. A. Shaw, of the Borough of Brooklyn, all came from towns in Nova Scotia, or near-by Provinces.

Miss Huntley, of Rochester, the friend of all good causes, was a girl in a little church in the Oswego Association. E. B. Shallow, teacher, lawyer, and now associate superintendent of public schools, of Greater New York, and Sereno Payne, thirty years in Congress (lately deceased), were both Hamilton boys. Of the thirteen men who formed the Baptist Education Society of the

State of New York, eight were from Hamilton, the other five from the neighboring villages of Eaton, Lebanon, Hartwick, and Fabius.

John Peck, a pioneer in State Convention and home mission work, the organizer of many churches, and long pastor at New Woodstock, N. Y., was born in Milan, Dutchess County. Fifteen young men went into the ministry from the New Woodstock church during that pastorate, among them his own sons, Linus M. and Philetus B., whose memories are still green in the churches at Hamilton and Owego. These rare young men both died in the same week of October, 1847.

Jacob Knapp, the great evangelist, was from Otsego County; Andrew K. Fuller, of Kingston, with thirteen other ministers from Masonville, Delaware County; G. W. Northrup, preacher, theological professor at Rochester, and afterward president of Chicago Theological Seminary, came from Antwerp, Jefferson County, not far from the birthplace of Frederic Remington, painter and sculptor. W. R. Wilcox, teacher, lawyer, writer, park commissioner, postmaster, and public service commissioner of New York City, is a native of Smyrna, Chenango County; Alvah Hovey, preacher, au-

thor, and president of Newton Theological Institution, of Greene, a little further down the valley. The Meyers brothers, Cortland, of Tremont Temple, Boston, and Johnston, of Chicago, are natives of Kingston-on-Hudson. Henry M. Sanders, pastor in Yonkers and Manhattan, came from Homer, Cortland County.

Robert Stuart MacArthur, forty-one years pastor of Calvary Church, Manhattan, author of many volumes, lecturer, and president of the Baptist World Alliance, came from Dalesville, Quebec; John Peddie, from Ancaster, Ontario, and A. W. Rogers, of Schenectady, from Brantford, in the same Province.

Chester Fairman Ralston, pastor in Yonkers, contributing editor of "The Watchman-Examiner," was born in Fairview, Ohio; A. E. Knapp, of Amsterdam, in Pierrepont, N. Y.; J. M. Hutchinson, of Calvary Church, Rochester, N. Y., in Richford. William H. King, thirty years pastor in Owego, came from the little village of Wellsbridge; his nephew, William Harvey King, M. D., of New York, author and lecturer, from near Waverly. M. W. Wells, author of "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide," was a farmer near Hartwick, Otsego County, and was in the barn alone husking

corn on a dark autumn day when the inspiration to write the hymn came upon him. The Negus brothers came from Taberg, Oneida County; the Penny brothers from Unadilla Forks, Otsego County; the Vose brothers from Spencer, Tioga County; H. C. Colebrook, of Gloversville, from Cazenovia; W. C. Taylor, of Owego, from Jay, in the Adirondacks; Edward Babcock, of McKeesport, Pa., from Constantia, Oswego County.

The Hunt brothers, five of them, Eben, Horace, James M., Emory W., and Garrett, were all born in the village of East Clarence, near Lake Ontario, where their father was pastor the larger part of his life.

Marcus C. Mason and Elnathan G. Phillips, more than forty years missionaries in Assam, both came from rural places in New York State. E. W. Clark, forty-one years in the Naga Hills, Assam, and James B. Simmons, pastor in New York and Philadelphia, secretary of the Home Mission and Publication Societies, also founder of colleges in the South, were boys together in Dutchess County. John Mason Peck, pioneer in home mission work, " Prophet of the Prairies," was born in Litchfield, Conn., the town that gave us Beecher, Bushnell, E. P. Farnham, and Charles G. Finney.

Many other names equally famous and worthy, might be added to this list, but space will not permit. Those already mentioned emphasize and illustrate the value of the rural church as a factor in community life and are an unanswerable argument for its maintenance. Whether the rural churches are doing the work they once did or ought to be doing now is an open question which may be considered in another article. Meanwhile, it might be well for some one to show us what the churches in great cities have done along similar lines.

IX

THAT COUNTRY BOY AGAIN

THAT COUNTRY BOY AGAIN

The boy from the country is met with so often, and in so many positions of great responsibility, that we are coming to think of him as well-nigh ubiquitous. On every board, in every meeting of men representing large financial interests, in groups of philanthropists planning for the betterment of living conditions in our cities, in the legislative halls of the State and the nation, the boy from the country is always a factor to be reckoned with. Newell Dwight Hillis recently said that eighty-five per cent of the leading men of New York City came from the farm or the town. Twenty-three of our presidents were country bred, and more than eighty per cent of the ministers of all denominations are furnished by the rural sections of the land. A religious newspaper is responsible for the statement that if all the moneys contributed by the men and women who spent their early days in the country were suddenly diverted or witheld, the larger part of our educational, benevolent, and religious institutions would have to suspend within a year. Incredible as this may

seem, it is undoubtedly true. Since preparing the former articles on this subject, I have been amazed at the material calculated to show the city's indebtedness to the country places for what they are all the while sending to it.

Eliphalet Nott, preacher and educator, was born in Ashford, Conn., a little town not far from Hartford. As the nearest district school was five miles away, he was taught by the best of all teachers, his sister and his mother. Called to preach, he began his ministry in Cherry Valley, N. Y. In two years he was invited to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church, Albany, where in 1806 he preached a sermon on "The Fall of Hamilton" that made him famous, and resulted in his election to the presidency of Union College, Schenectady, a position he held for sixty-four years. In 1825 Union had passed Harvard and Yale in the number of its students, and for nearly a quarter of a century had the honor of being the largest college in the country. Early in his career there, he was one day riding over a country road in Dutchess County, inquiring for a blacksmith. Some one told him farmer Potter had a man who could shoe a horse. While Nott was waiting for the job to be done, two little boys appeared

to watch the process. He at once asked the farmer what he was going to do with the boys, suggesting for them a course at Union. The boys were Alonzo and Horatio Potter. Both went to Union and were graduated with high honor, the one afterward becoming bishop of Pennsylvania, the other the bishop of New York. Alonzo married Doctor Nott's daughter and nine sons were born to them, "all men of conscience and leadership, who were intent not on private gain, but on the common good." Clarkson N. Potter, a lawyer of distinction, served for more than twenty years in the United States Congress, where he rendered conspicuous service. Howard Potter was one of the founders of the United States Sanitary Commission, and an incorporator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the American Museum of Natural History, president of the New York Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and founder of the State Charities Aid Association. Robert B. Potter was a soldier of the Civil War, rising to the post of major-general. Edward T. Potter was a musician and architect, devoting himself to the study of the housing of the poor, planning model tenements. Henry C. Potter was rector of Grace Church, and successor to his uncle as

bishop of New York. Eliphalet N. Potter was president of Union and Hobart Colleges. James N. Potter was a colonel in the Civil War. William A. Potter was supervising architect of the Treasury Department at Washington. Frank H. Potter was a musician and a journalist. Who can measure the influence exerted in the various walks of life by these nine remarkable men, sons of one of the little boys whom Doctor Nott met that day while waiting for his horse to be shod by farmer Potter's hired man? Stephen Smith, now past ninety-five, many years surgeon at Bellevue, St. Vincent's, and Columbus hospitals, editor of "New York Journal of Medicine" and "American Medical Times," professor of anatomy and clinical surgery in Bellevue Medical College, author of medical books, founder of the American Public Health Association, creator of the Health Department of the State of New York and of the New York State Lunacy Commission, served as volunteer surgeon in the Civil War, as commissioner of health in New York City, as a member of the National Board of Health and of the State Bureau of Charities, representative of the United States on the International Sanitary Commission, Paris, 1894, was born at Spafford, near Skaneateles Lake,

Onondaga County, N. Y., where he now has a summer home.

Henry C. Vedder, author, preacher, many years on the editorial staff of "The Examiner" and a professor in Crozer Theological Seminary, came from DeRuyter, Madison County, N. Y.; Truman J. Backus, fifteen years professor of English Literature in Vassar College, and then to the end of his life president of Packer Collegiate Institute, Borough of Brooklyn, came from Milan, Dutchess County, N. Y.; Leveret F. Crumb, lawyer and mayor of Peekskill, from a New Jersey village where his father was pastor. Dr. Albert Coit, pastor at Wellsville and Hornell, financial secretary of Cook Academy, and for nearly forty years a member of the Board of Managers of the New York State Convention, came from Central Square; Jabez Ford, his brother, Dr. Smith T. Ford, of Chicago, his son, Spencer J. Ford, of New York, and his nephew, W. J. Ford, of Albion, New York, all came from Camden in New York State. Rev. C. W. Brooks, for forty years connected with the New York State Convention, and author of "A Century of Missions in the Empire State," was born in Solon; the Kneeland brothers, Rev. F. W. and Rev. I. S. Kneeland, came from Strykersville; J. Bying-

ton Smith, from Schroon Lake; George B. Stevens, professor in Yale University Divinity School, author of commentaries and theological text-books, from Spencer; Anson Burlingame, statesman and diplomat, negotiator of important treaties with China in 1868, came from Otsego County, where I saw a tablet marking his birthplace. Dr. J. N. Murdock was born in Oswego when it was only a village. W. N. Sage, fifty-one years in the Sunday School of the First Church, Rochester, as scholar, secretary, teacher, superintendent, and Bible class leader, came from Ballston Spa. Dr. Martin B. Anderson said that the first twenty years of growth and prosperity of the University of Rochester were due to Mr. Sage's wisdom and sacrifice. Charles T. Brockway, who taught a Bible class in the First Church, Syracuse, larger than the average preacher's congregation, was a Broadalbin boy, where his father was an honored deacon. John W. Allis, an official member of the Baptist Temple, Borough of Brooklyn, and a leading factor in the Utica Knitting Company, came from Philadelphia, N. Y., where the family name is greatly revered. Phillips Phillips, a singing evangelist before Sankey's day, was the gift of the church at Cassadaga, Chautauqua

County. Isaac M. Haldeman, thirty-three years pastor of the First Church, New York, was born in Concordia, Pa. George C. Baldwin, for forty-five years pastor of the First church, Troy, was born at Pompton, N. J.; John W. Olmstead, long editor of "The Watchman and Reflector," was born in Schuylerville, N. Y.; Elisha E. L. Taylor, pastor of Pierrepont Street, and founder of Strong Place Church, in the Borough of Brooklyn, secretary of the Home Mission Society, and father of President Taylor, of Vassar College, was born in Delphi Falls, N. Y. A stone column on the road from Mount Vernon to White Plains marks the place where Daniel O. Tompkins, vice-president, and one of the ablest governors of New York State, was born. Not far away, in Pelham, is the birthplace of William Hague, pastor of strong churches in Utica, Boston, Providence, Newark, Albany, and New York. John W. Sarles, forty years pastor in Bridge Street, Brooklyn, came from Bedford; W. F. Benedict, pastor of large village churches in Central New York, from the open country, in Delaware County; J. O. Mason, forty-six years in the Bottskill Church, Greenwich, from Fort Ann; W. W. Everts, pastor in New York and Chicago, from Granville; Professor Sprague, superin-

tendent of education in Utica, from Moriah. George Fenton, whose life has been spent in educational work, still owns the farm on which he was born in Broadalbin. Ira Harris, lawyer, State senator, Supreme Court judge, successor to W. H. Seward in the United State Senate, promoter of higher education as trustee of Union, Vassar, and Rochester, twice member of the Constitutional Convention of New York State, and official of Emmanuel Church, Albany, was born in the little village of Charleston, Montgomery County; Friend Humphrey, Albany business man, constituent member of the First Church, several terms mayor of the city and State senator, was born in Simsbury, Conn. "No improvement, no enterprise, no mission, and no charity that commended itself to the wise and liberal was without his aid." E. H. Harriman, financier and railway magnate, was born in Hempstead, L. I., where his father was rector of the Episcopal church. Frederick Underwood, president of the Erie and allied lines, came from a Wisconsin village where his father was a successful Baptist minister. The Perry brothers—George, preacher, Josiah, lawyer, and Lincoln, business man—came from Boonville. The Hale brothers—Albert C., of Brooklyn, George D. and Wil-

liam B., of Rochester, all Phi Beta Kappa men in the University of Rochester—came from Adams, Jefferson County. R. J. Thompson, associational missionary in the north country, was a boy in Vermont. W. B. McNinch, just entering the service of the New York State Convention, was born in Livingston County, N. Y. Russell H. Conwell, lawyer, war correspondent, author, lecturer, and preacher, with his cousin, John D. Pease, the piano manufacturer, was born in the little town of Worthingham, Mass. Elmer Burritt Bryan, high school teacher, professor in two colleges, commissioner of education in the Philippines, president of Franklin College, Indiana, and now president of Colgate University, was born in a log cabin, built by his father's own hands, in the woods of Ohio. Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Webster, Lincoln, Beecher, Bushnell, Austin Phelps, Garfield, McKinley, John Hay, and Woodrow Wilson were all country boys.

What these men have been in the places where their lot in life was cast, the factors they became in business, in the educational, political, and religious life of the world, was largely due to the influences that came upon them in their early days, inspiring them with high ideals, molding their characters, safe-

guarding them against evil, and filling them with achieving power. Of course, there is something in breeding, for "blood tells in a man as well as in a horse." Henry Ward Beecher on his seventieth birthday, in the Academy of Music, crowded with Brooklyn's best citizens to honor him, said, "I am what I am by the grace of God and Lyman and Roxanna Beecher." The accumulated tendencies toward high and noble living for generations past were gathered up and centered in him, and he gratefully recognized it. The same is true of many of us. We do not always know who is living and speaking in us. Ancestral hands beckon some up and on, while they drag others down. It works both ways, but never so as to interfere with our responsibility.

There is also something in environment, though it must not be made too much of. Bunyan's "genius blossomed," and he wrote his immortal work within prison walls at Bedford, while Burns at Ayr lived under the same roof with the cattle. In spite of these exceptions, fresh air, exercise in the open, with pure wholesome food and plenty of sleep, must tell in the development of the boy. Educational equipment in the country is likely to be meager, but a real teacher now and then is found in "the little red school-

house." One such, with but little of the training of the schools, laid his hand upon my head in Vail's Mills, where I first went to school, and the touch of his hand is felt yet. He knew how to help a boy find himself. Forty-nine years ago, when I went into Edward Judson's classroom in Hamilton, fearful lest I could not go on because of inadequate preparation, he put his arm about me, assuring me of sympathy and help, and I have been the stronger for it ever since.

Then the church and its services, with its associations of godly men and women, is even a greater factor in the process. A man in Buffalo, where I had made an appeal for the rural church, followed me into the pastor's study and wrote a check for one hundred dollars to help keep one open, because of what the church of his boyhood days had meant to him. In fostering such churches we are also helping the cities with their perplexing problems, for one is a vital factor in the other. "If you would save the nation, you must care for the town. The life of New England began in the church and the schoolhouse at the crossroads," said a Yale College president. My father at the close of a hard day's work in winter, threshing or chopping, used to take me on his back and never put me down till he reached the old

Broadalbin church, more than two miles away, where a revival was in progress, then go back over the same lonely road after meeting, whistling or singing as he went. Did that service mean anything to me at the age of seven? Yes, indeed, for the appealing face of the preacher has been with me through all the years, and Deacon Kasson's voice leading the congregational singing of the old hymn

> The judgment-day is rolling round,
> Prepare to meet thy God,

is ringing in my ears yet. These are the influences that put iron into the blood of the boys and girls in the rural regions, and contribute so largely to their after-careers. In a magazine article on the "Things that Influenced me," Eliot, of Harvard, summed all up by saying, "I happened to have a mother." On his return from a summer in England, Henry W. Bellows met Robert Collyer on the street in New York and said: "Now, Robert, I know where you got your outfit, I have been in Yorkshire and met your dear old mother." "There are fathers and mothers whose children are orphans, God pity them," said Victor Hugo. The home, the school, and the church, these

are the three great factors in our country problem. The State, with such men as John H. Finley, is trying to make the school more helpful. The minister's task is with all three, more particularly the home and the church.

X

CAUSES OF WEAKNESS AND INEFFICIENCY IN THE CHURCHES

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Let it be clearly understood at the outset that I make a distinction between weakness and inefficiency. Some churches are weak in numbers, in social standing, and in material things, but strong in achievement and splendidly efficient. Well organized and well led, they are serving effectively their own community, and are meeting all their financial obligations for current expenses, and for kingdom work the world over. Weak but efficient!

On the other hand, there are churches strong numerically, socially, and materially, but wofully inefficient. Poorly organized and without leadership, they aim at no goal and reach it. Strong but wretchedly inefficient. Nor are the weak and inefficient churches limited to any one locality. They are to be found in city, town, and country, and perhaps in almost equal proportions.

What are some of the causes of weakness?

1. The Shifting of Population and Concentration of Peoples in the Centers. After making a tour of Scoharie County I found that there were three thousand less people there than fifty-five years ago, before the Civil War. The population of the Empire State has doubled and trebled within that time. What has happened there? Where are the people? Gone to Cobleskill, Oneonta, and Binghamton, but more particularly to Schenectady. When I was a boy, living north of the Mohawk Valley, Schenectady was our largest near-by town, with a population of ten or twelve thousand, streets paved with cobblestones among which the grass grew. Now they have more than a hundred thousand—thirty thousand men employed in the General Electric and the American Locomotive Works alone. Where have they all come from? From the ends of the earth, but especially from territory within fifty to a hundred miles away.

Many a little hamlet that was once self-contained, thriving and growing, has had the heart taken out of it. All life, business, education, and religion have felt the pull in other directions. One town, where I went last summer, has only twenty-three pupils left in the public school, in which formerly there were from fifty to seventy-five. So it

is an educational as well as a religious problem. You can hardly realize how many school districts have been wiped off the map because there are no longer children enough to maintain a school. The State provides for them elsewhere or in other ways. While it has become increasingly difficult to maintain churches in these localities, we cannot desert them and turn them over to heathenism. We must keep the altar-fires burning.

With three thousand young men studying agriculture in the schools and colleges of the State, we can already discover a trend back toward the tilling of the soil, and we have reason to believe that into many of those places life will come back again. Indeed, I found several places in Cortland and Oswego counties, where men were coming from the far West and taking up farms that had been abandoned only a few years since. This process of reclamation is likely to go on, and we shall have a duty to these newcomers in making the region safe for them to live and rear their families in.

Without doubt some places will have to be given up, for there is no longer a constituency, perhaps never will be. Fifty years ago the Adirondack region was dotted all over with great tanneries. Hides were hauled in from all the great railway lines,

tanned into sole-leather, and then hauled back. Now hardly a tannery can be found in all that section of the State, because the supply of hemlock bark has given out. It would be just as reasonable to insist upon keeping up the tanning business in the Adirondacks, without bark, as to insist upon keeping up churches in places where there are no longer any people, for people are as essential to the maintenance of a church or school, as logs to a sawmill, or hemlock bark to a tannery. In Lewis County I learned there were six thousand less people than before the Civil War. These are concrete illustrations of what has been going on over the State and the country, creating for us the " Country Church Problem."

2. The Frequent Changes in the Pastorate. Some men do not remain on the field long enough to make or carry out a policy. On the lookout for something easier, they run away from difficulties in one place, only to find them reappearing in the same or other forms elsewhere. A young man wrote Mr. Beecher, intimating that he wanted an " easy place." Mr. Beecher advised him not to enter the ministry, medicine, or the law, but to " get six feet of earth, dig a hole, and get into it, for the grave is the only easy place in this world."

One man who had had many pastorates confessed to me that he had lost his temper and resigned an early pastorate to get away from a cantankerous deacon named Jones. Now he acknowledges that he has found Deacon Jones, though not always bearing that name, in every place to which he has since gone, the same difficulty reappearing in other forms in every field. How much better to gird oneself and conquer "Deacon Jones" at the outset! I have seen a flock of birds hovering about the top of a tree, as if ready to light, when another impulse seized them and away they would go. Just what some men do, flutter over, and hover about a field, but never light and grapple with the problems incidental to the place. The churches are suffering incalculable harm from that sort of thing. Sometimes it is the fault of the man in the pulpit, sometimes of the people in the pew, and frequently both parties are at fault.

At the 150th anniversary of the Bottskill Church at Greenwich, N. Y., the other summer, I saw a memorial window to Rev. J. O. Mason, forty-six years pastor, and another to Rev. Barber, thirty-eight years pastor, and Rev. Thomas Cull, who was sixteen years pastor, sat in the audience. Three men covered a hundred out of a hundred

and fifty years of that church's history. No wonder that the church is strong, and that its influence reaches out to the ends of the earth.

A dear old lady looked out of the window of a railway car just as the train was passing over a deep gorge, and she startled the passengers by saying, "The machine has left the earth." When she looked out again, *terra firma* was in sight. "Thank God she has lit," was her reassuring remark. Men in the ministry ought to light on these fields, grapple with their problems, and if they find conditions difficult, remember they are there to change them. It is their job—a job that cannot be turned over to the local missionary committee or State Convention official. If everybody and everything were all right on these fields, conditions ideal, we should all be out of business.

3. Lack of an Adequate Financial System. Churches call a man to the pastorate without any idea of where the money is coming from to support him. It is the Lord's work, they reason, and somehow it will come out all right. With a good deal of gusto, they sing that old hymn, "Somehow or other the Lord will provide," and make no effort to provide for the work themselves. While I believe in the senti-

ment of that hymn, I insist that the Lord does not provide through our folly and indolence, but through our wise and careful planning and activity. Nothing goes of itself in this world except when it is going down-hill. Josh Billings declared that the way was greased for a man going down-hill, and when a man begins to deteriorate every circumstance and association in life does seem to help him on to lower levels, but anything that goes up and on has to be pushed up and on with a strong hand. We recognize this in farming, in education, in business, and in war, but not in the realm of religion, and yet nowhere is it more important.

In too many instances, the whole financial management of the church has fallen into the hands of picayune, incompetent men. When people in a church or community hand checks directly to the pastor, on the ground that they have little or no confidence in the men who are managing the finances, that church is cruelly handicapped, and yet just these conditions too often prevail. Clean, clear-headed young business men sit in the pews of the churches with no responsibility laid upon them, while all the financial interests are still in the hands of feeble, inefficient men.

While always ready to honor age, character, and consecration, I do contend that the very best brains and blood in the membership of a church should be utilized in the solution of its financial problems. Anyhow, the church will never come into its own, have the place, and exert the influence it ought to have in its community, till it comes to higher ground financially. At one place I was making this point, a dear old man, looking up through his tears, said, "Doctor Granger, I want to die in the harness." He realized that the carrying out of my suggestion might eliminate him from an official position, and when I mentioned the incident in another place, Mayor Conover, of Amsterdam, said, "It makes all the difference in the world how they die in the harness, whether in the collar or in the breeching, pulling or holding back." Too many men are dying in the breeching, and the churches are crippled because of it. In some of the little churches which I have visited, if the present organization could be wiped out entirely and a new beginning made, allowing the people to elect whom they please to official position, there would be a chance for the cause, but not under present conditions.

These are hard things to say or print, but they are facts and must be faced. The great

underlying difficulty is the failure to recognize the giving of money as religious. Preaching, praying, singing, and speaking in meeting, these are all religious, but the giving of money is a sordid, secular affair. I suspect that we preachers are at fault for not clarifying the popular mind on this point. When going into the pulpit of a large church I am sometimes cautioned by the pastor in a whisper not to say much about money there, the very thing for which I came. He is afraid to speak frankly to his own people along these lines, and afraid to let me do it.

Why do so many of our churches and missionary organizations come to the end of the fiscal year with deficits? Because the people have never been enlightened on the subject of stewardship, the Christian's use of money. We have the money, we never had so much, and our scale of living shows it. Living on a scale four or five times above that of their fathers and mothers, the average man and woman in many a rural church is giving the same "measly" five or ten dollars given by their fathers or grandfathers fifty or sixty years ago. They are disposed to keep the church on the same low level. They ask the Lord to keep the minister humble, and they can be relied upon to

keep him poor. Think of what we have in the way of comforts today as compared with former days! Electric light, steam heat, telephone, rural free delivery, the daily paper, the auto, and the victrola, and so on to the end of the list.

No man rejoices more than I in all that has come to the people. I would not take one of these comforts away from them if I could, but I am anxious that the same scale of expenditure should be carried round the whole circle, in the realm of religion as elsewhere. Why not? In one of the churches in my home town there was a man with a wooden leg, who always sat in the "amen pews," at the left of the pulpit. When the minister began to warm up in his sermon, this man would indulge in shouting and handclapping, even thump the floor with his wooden leg, so that every person in the house felt the jar of it. When a man came into that pulpit who was a little more finely made up than his predecessors, this man's expressions of approval got on his nerve, and he suggested that the contribution-box be passed to him, venturing the opinion that he would be "dumb as an oyster" in a minute, and he was. Clapping of hands, shouting, and thumping the floor was positively and intensely religious, but

the mere mention of giving money utterly squelched him.

I once called on Dr. William Harvey King, so long the pastor of the Owego church, and found him in his garden hoeing among tomato-plants recently put out. After speaking of the fall of the man whom both of us had known, he called attention to a tomato-plant that had wilted in the sun that hot morning, and proposed to locate the cause. With one or two strokes of the hoe he uncovered a great white grub that had cut off the plant. "There you are," he said, "a worm at the root; and at the root of nearly all lapses, moral or otherwise, you are sure to find a worm." After ten years of service in our State work, and after being in all our churches, taking time for a careful study of conditions in some of them, I am confident that the real cause of weakness and inefficiency, "the worm at the root," in city, as well as in the country is an inadequate financial system, or a system improperly worked. The average church has resources equal to the solution of its own problems, under proper leadership, and with a real business management.

4. The Lack of a Sane, Scriptural, Persistent Evangelism. Most of our churches came into being in an atmosphere of evan-

gelism, and what was essential to the beginning of organized religious life in the community is equally essential to its maintenance. I only hint at this point here, for elsewhere I have devoted a whole chapter to evangelism. This lack was illustrated in an appalling way in a little church in the open country. After dwelling upon the relation of the church to the community, and how it can fulfil its mission, I inquired about when there had been a real work of grace there, and no one seemed to know. Drawing the lines a little tighter I asked when there had been a baptism there, and was informed there had not been one in seven years. The next question revealed the fact that twenty-three had been lost by death in that time. Think of it! Out of a little church of less than sixty members twenty-three had died in seven years, and not one had been added on confession of faith. That little church represents a class that the " efficiency experts " speak of as "decadent," and whose only remedy is to combine with other organizations in the same condition, " federation." By combining weak churches you may get a stronger church, but you will hardly get an efficient church by putting together several inefficient ones.

In the light of experience, history, and the

Scriptures I insist that what is needed in all such cases is a new vision of God, of our relation to him and to the world that always comes in a genuine religious awakening. In nine cases out of ten such an experience lifts the church out of its low estate and starts it on a new career, enabling it to realize, at least in part, the great goals of our "Five Year Program."

XI

THE AGED AND INFIRM MINISTER

THE AGED AND INFIRM MINISTER

Allow me to say at the outset that I am not here this morning from my own choice. Very reluctantly have I consented to attempt a service for which I feel I have no special qualification. Four weeks ago our Men's Association in Mount Vernon had their fall reunion and banquet, with Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper as the guest and speaker of the evening. Going down from the place where the men had assembled to the supper room, Brother M. H. Pogson, secretary of this society, urged me to use my influence in securing Doctor Tupper for our annual meeting, on Monday, December 18. More than once during the evening I referred to the matter, and the genial doctor assured me that in case he found his calendar clear for that date he would gladly serve us. A week ago last Saturday night Secretary Pogson called at my home, saying that the committee had decided I ought to make the address.

[1] Delivered under the auspices of the Baptist Ministers' Home Society, at its Twenty-second Anniversary, before the Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and Vicinity.

When I inquired about Doctors Tupper, MacArthur, and other eminent brethren who had not been before the society, he told me he had tried them all, and failed because of their previous engagements. Now he was going no farther. There was no use having men like me on the Board unless we sometimes served them. I thought of Dr. Leonard Woods, the president of a New England college in the middle of the last century. He was spending a summer in Europe. While in Paris with some American friends, he was invited to dine with Louis Philippe, then King of France. On the day appointed they went to the palace. After greetings the king said: "My dear Doctor Woods, we were uncertain about your presence today. You did not answer our invitation." Equal to the occasion Doctor Woods replied, "We thought the invitation of a king was not something to be answered, but to be obeyed." So in obedience to the invitation of the royal men on our board I am here this morning.

You will hardly expect anything startling or original from me on this subject. When William M. Taylor was invited to deliver a course of lectures before the Yale Divinity School in 1876, he recalled the fact that Henry Ward Beecher had been there in

1872, 1873, and 1874, and John Hall in 1875; so he began his lectures in this way, "What shall the man do that cometh after the king?" Remembering that Lorimer, Henson, Johnston, Conwell, and Stone have preceded me, I say now, "What shall the man do that cometh after the kings?" So much in the way of introduction.

Let me say that I shall not dwell upon the question as to whether the minister is an underpaid man. Some of my predecessors have gone over that ground. Sidney Smith declared that brains, like any other commodity, were worth what they would bring in the market. You may differ with him. My own opinion is that the average minister gets about what he would have received in any other calling into which he might have gone. In any case, that was a matter carefully considered before we decided to enter the ministry. I think we felt then what we believe now, that a good deal of the best work done in this world never can be paid for in dollars and cents. Having decided to enter the work in that spirit, and with that understanding, it is hardly the manly thing for us to whine about underpay now. Nor am I going to dwell upon the "meanness of the churches." It was quite the thing, when I was a boy in this conference, for the breth-

ren to gather about a lunch-table, at the close of the Monday morning session, to talk over their experiences. Often did the older brethren dilate upon the meanness and penuriousness of the churches and their official boards. If the younger brethren looked incredulous, they were assured that something was in store for them in that line later on. After many years in the pastorate, with not one hour out of service I can say that I know nothing of what the brethren were speaking then. With a large part of my ministerial life spent in harmonizing churches that had been the victims of unwise pastors, I must say what may be a very unpopular thing to say in this presence, that my sympathies are with the churches rather than with the pastors. Thus far I have been treated as well as I deserved. I might also say that a large part of the time has been spent with little churches, in which the salary did not exceed a thousand dollars a year.

Whenever we come to make the plea in behalf of our aged or infirm brethren certain suggestions always come from our laymen. It is wonderful how fertile the laity are in suggestions to the ministry. If they, the ministers, had only done this or that, they would never have come into their present

condition. In many cases these suggestions are only excuses for not responding to our appeals. Every minister ought to begin his career by a practice of the most rigid economy, we are told—a determination not only to live within his means, but to lay up something every year. Well, I think the average preacher does just that thing. Most of the students for the ministry come from the lowly walks in life, from homes in which, in their earliest days it was a question how to "keep the wolf away from the door." With that sort of training they enter upon their work, with the habit of their life upon them. I know one minister, who, with his wife, began in that way. At the end of twenty-five years they had twenty-five hundred dollars to invest in bonds. That amount represented just what they received in marriage and funeral fees for that period. In other words, they had lived within their means and laid up that amount. I imagine that is a fair sample of what the average man is doing. Then there is the education of his children. Without fear of contradiction I affirm that no class of men do more for their children or contribute more in the way of efficient men and women for all the varied callings of life, business and professional, than the Christian ministry. Many years

ago, when Austin Phelps was in his prime at Andover, he made a careful study of all the men in the seminary as to their antecedents —where they were born, the character of their parents, their early opportunities, and training. Out of one hundred and twenty men he found that one hundred and ten, or eleven-twelfths of them, were from Christian homes, while nearly one-tenth were sons of ministers. A careful examination of the records of men, eminent in nearly all the honorable walks of life, will reveal the same thing. At a recent banquet in New York, in honor of a great railway man, the guest himself, with two prominent corporation lawyers at the same table, were sons of ministers. The old fling at ministers about their sons going wrong is not true then? Not at all. It is a malicious slander which I resent. When my first boy came the people began to warn me and remind me of the old saying about clergymen's sons and what became of them. Finally I asked them to particularize, to mention an instance. They named the son of a pastor who had lived in that community twenty-five years before. If you go into that town this afternoon and the conversation turns on ministers' sons, they will recall that wayward boy and his career. When any go wrong it is so excep-

tional as to become conspicuous, and the memory of one boy who fell abides in that town fifty years after he has gone from it. More than that, the average minister not only lives within his means, laying up something, and educating his children, but he contributes his share toward the financial, benevolent, and charitable work of the church. Rarely does he urge his people to go where he does not lead them in this respect, and with every increase of income there is a corresponding increase in the demands made upon him. I can truthfully say this morning that I have no more to spend on myself now in the way of luxuries, books, or travel, than I had when on a salary of a thousand dollars. With every increase has come greater demands. Of course, there is here and there a man who does not live within his means. No man is more unsparing in his condemnation of such than I. These are the men who scandalize our profession, compromise our religion, and crucify our Lord afresh. For such a man, who does not meet his obligations, there may be a place somewhere, but certainly not in the Christian ministry. But, brethren, let me ask, not in their defense, but by way of inquiry, Why should the laity have a monopoly of that sort of thing? It must cer-

tainly be remarked that all too many in our pews fail in that respect.

Again we are told that our ministers ought to be better business men. The intimation is that destitution at last is due to his incompetency as a business man. Since when did the minister fail in this respect? My own observation has led me to believe that the success of the average church is due more to the business ability of the man in the pulpit than any other man in it. There are exceptions, I admit, but if the ordinary church official transacted his own business as he does that of the church, he would go on the rocks inside of a year. The one man who stands as a kind of unsleeping sentinel over it all, year in and out, is the pastor, and when a critical hour arrives, he usually comes to the rescue. Nearly all our great denominational organizations are the creations of ministerial brains—planned and financed by ministers. I never heard the late secretary of our Home Mission Society preach a sermon, make an address, or participate in a debate that I did not say to myself, Here is a man who could have conducted a great political campaign, organized and managed vast business interests, or distinguished himself in the legislative halls of the nation had he chosen his life-work along these lines.

"Much every way" are the words that describe Dr. Henry L. Morehouse, and this generation will never appreciate his part in the solution of the great problems of our time. The same thing is true of Doctors Ashmore, Clough, and others on the foreign field. In a conference of ministers and laymen a few years since at the Manhattan Hotel, called to stimulate interest in our educational work abroad, Doctor Mabie announced a gift of ten thousand dollars from Doctor Ashmore, the veteran missionary, as the first contribution toward the proposed endowment of half a million. How did it come about? In this way. Years ago, on his own judgment, Doctor Ashmore invested some funds of the Missionary Union where he was confident of handsome returns. The members of the board in Boston disapproved and Doctor Ashmore assumed the risk himself. Time vindicated his wisdom in the matter, and now he is able to lead the movement for larger educational work in the East. I do not know it from their own lips, but I have been told that both Ashmore and Clough could have been appointed to high positions as diplomats at Oriental courts had they been willing to turn aside from their chosen life-work. When General Grant took command of the Army of the

Potomac some men who had served with him in the West were invited to places on his staff. Among them was a minister who had been chaplain of the old regiment raised and commanded by Grant. In a letter thanking the General for remembering him he said: "I hold a commission from One higher than any earthly commander, and he wants me to preach. Therefore I must decline your kind offer." That is the spirit in which these great missionaries, qualified for any position in the gift of men, have gone about their work. Multitudes of churches, Y. M. C. A. buildings, hospitals, and reformatory institutions, at home and abroad, are monuments to the organizing and financial ability of the minister. If then a "forlorn hope" is to be led, anywhere in the community, in nine cases out of ten a minister will be found to lead it to a successful issue.

We are reminded further that the minister should have been more careful in the investment of his savings. I presume this means that we ought to put the little we have managed to lay up into the hands of the laymen to invest for us. Brethren, is not this what the most of us have done? What has been the outcome? Why, we have awakened some morning not to find that "moth

and rust have corrupted, but that thieves have broken through and stolen." When I came to my present field twelve years ago some of my brethren in a former field reminded me of my obligation to myself and family, insisting that I should take out a large policy in some strong life insurance company. In that way I would be compelled, out of my increased income, to lay up more each year. I at once acted on their suggestion. Just here my blood gets quickly to the boiling-point when I recall the sacrifices made by me and my family to keep up that policy. If we get anything like equity out of our investment, it will be because eminent thieves have fallen out in the distribution of the "loot." Similar experiences have we had with savings banks and building and loan associations. The indifference of eminent laymen on their boards has allowed presidents and cashiers with Wall Street propensities "to try their hands" with our hard earnings. In the language of General Grant, "The rascality of business partners has brought us to the verge of ruin." With the failure of our little investment has come the failure of health, break in our work, and ultimately, a condition of absolute need, obliging us to look to others for the help we hoped to give ourselves.

So when we have done our best, lived within our means, wisely invested the little we could lay up after educating our children and bearing our part in the financial work of the kingdom, some of us will come down to the end of our career destitute. Not a large number. Less than sixty out of more than two thousand ordained ministers in the three States in which we do our work appeal to us for help. Others are cared for by children, friends, or churches whom they have served. Only about one in forty are compelled to ask for aid. This is a remarkable showing. Some there are, and there always will be while men and the plans they make are fallible. It is inevitable. They are swept out or carried away by circumstances over which they have no control. It is idle, when that inevitable hour comes, to talk about what they ought to have done, and where and how they ought to have invested their funds.

The question is what shall be done for these men when the hour of need comes? In the spirit of our Lord we must minister to them and care for them. We must do this first because of what they are, what they have been and done. The heritage into which we as pastors and churches have come is ours because these men have lived and

wrought. The "consummate flower of our Christian civilization" is not the growth of a decade or century. Its roots reach back into the past. The seeds out of which it has grown were planted by the toils and watered by the tears of these men.

When our National Anniversaries were held in Washington in 1888 I went to Richmond, the seat of the Confederacy. After visiting the historic features of the Capital, we drove out over the Fredericksburg road, visiting the whole series of battle-fields from Fredericksburg to Harrison's Landing. The most impressive hour was at Old Cold Harbor, where McClellan went in 1862 and Hancock made the awful charge in 1864. Grant tells us that the only regret in his military career was the giving of the order for that charge, for nothing was gained by it. Ten thousand men were wounded or dead on the field in twelve minutes. A tree, standing in a stone-wall toward which the men rushed for shelter was trimmed as clean as a telegraph-pole, and stands as a silent sentinel over the scene of carnage today. A Grand Army man, the keeper of the National Cemetery, showed us where he lay helpless among the dying and dead for hours. A shell had torn away part of his side. When asked if otherwise injured he

showed scars received at Chancellorsville and Seven Pines. Finally lifting his cap, he revealed a great scar from a saber-stroke in the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg. Drawing a long breath I ventured to remark that the enemy was near to him. "Yes," he replied, "and I was just as close at hand." Then in a lower tone he said it was the enemy's last thrust. Every drop of blood in my veins tingled as I stood silent in the presence of that man. Brethren, it is that sort of battle-scarred, heroic men who appeal to us for help. How shall we respond to their appeal? In July, 1893, I was at Gettysburg at the dedication of the New York State Monument. It was on Sunday afternoon, the thirtieth anniversary of the battle. Twenty-five thousand veterans of the battle, marred and broken, only as men can be in deadly conflict, gathered about the speaker's stand. As I looked from the platform into their faces I recalled Sherman's words, that "War is hell." In his opening words General Daniel Sickles, one of the commanders in the fight and the presiding officer of the day, said, "A nation that does not make liberal provision for its defenders, will some day be without defenders, will be unworthy of them." So I say a great denomination that does not care for the men

who have fought its battles, defended and propagated its principles, made it what it is, may some day be without defenders; yes, will be unworthy of them. You will remind me that some of our needy pastors have not served long or achieved much. They seem to have prematurely faltered by the way. We recognize that, and in dealing with them attempt to discriminate in favor of the men who have served longest. And yet our reward in the great day will not be according to the length or nature of our service. Paul seems to emphasize that in his last words: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Not where we serve, or what we do, or how long we serve, but the spirit in which we do what we do will determine our reward.

So I say, because of what these men have been and the spirit in which they have served we must respond to their appeals. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Do not fail to do for them, and you do not fail to do for Him. We must do this for them, secondly, because they are men and belong to our household of faith. "As we have

therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." "All men," because they are men, children of a common Father, touched by the same Spirit, and redeemed by the same Saviour, but "especially those of our household of faith." When I went home one summer I found my father about to enter the courts of law with some of his neighbors. What was the difficulty? His only sister, whose inefficient husband had carelessly given notes to unscrupulous men, was about to be driven out of her home. I urged him not to go to law with his neighbors at that time of his life. Looking me in the eyes, with trembling lip and deep feeling, he said, "My boy, do you think I am going to see my only sister driven out of her home?" Her blood was in his veins. Common ties and interest bound them together, so he would defend her, and he did. Brethren, can we be oblivious to the ties that bind these men to us, and to God? "Our household of faith."

We must respond to these appeals, thirdly, because it will give a new meaning to the promises of God. John Wesley had a student who felt called to the ministry. He also had a growing family to support. After a severe struggle it seemed impossible

for him to go on, so he wrote to Mr. Wesley, intimating that he would have to give it up. Wesley wrote a letter calculated to encourage him. He closed the letter with the Psalmist's words: "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Then he took three or four five-pound Bank of England notes, enclosing them with the letter and the promise. In a few days a reply came from the man in these words: "My dear Mr. Wesley, Your letter heartens me greatly. Also the notes on the promise. I had consulted all the commentaries on that promise, but found no notes so helpful as the ones you sent." Shall we not give these brethren some helpful notes on the promises? It will help them to a new interpretation of the word.

Well, we must do this, in the fourth and last place, because of the claim that weakness has on strength. "We, then, that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves, for even Christ pleased not himself." Booker Washington in his book, "Up From Slavery," expresses great admiration for his old teacher, General Armstrong of Hampton Institute, Virginia. Armstrong's magic hand was laid upon him in the critical period of

his life, shaping his character and destiny. He recognized it and ceased not to be grateful for it. When a man was wanted to organize and carry on a work at Tuskegee, Armstrong suggested Booker Washington. In his last days, when broken in health, the general went to Alabama to look over Booker's work. After he had rested from the fatigue of the journey he was taken in an invalid's chair by Booker's own hands to a point where he could look over the whole plant. The great black leader and educator declares that to have been the proudest moment of all his life. The recognition of the claim which weakness has on strength! Enter a street-car, and you are allowed to stand for miles. No one thinks of offering you a seat. Let a woman with a babe in arms enter, and a score are ready to give their place to her. So some one has said a woman with a babe in her arms can travel around the globe. Recognition of the claim which weakness has on strength! Can we refuse to recognize this claim on us? To come a little nearer, let me remind you that the inevitable hour of which I have spoken will come to some of you, some of us. If not to us, our wives or children. Nothing is more pathetic than to see what becomes of some of our wives when we are gone. A few years ago

I went into the Publication Society rooms on a Monday morning. A sweet-faced woman in black was examining the books, but she seemed to know no one, and no one seemed to know her. After the conference hour she was still there, and I learned from the superintendent who she was—the widow of one of the most eminent men in our denomination. He had been kind to me in my early ministry, so I determined to speak to her. Not another minister had recognized or spoken to her that day. She wondered if it were possible to drop out and be so soon forgotten. A dear friend of her husband's in another denomination, had made a place where she was tenderly cared for. A man, once pastor in this city, whom I had known in student days, wondered if the work our society undertakes was worth doing; laughed at me for wasting time in service on the board. All his ministerial life he had been on a good salary, how could any man be in want? Suddenly he went out of life. Inside of a year a letter from his widow, a proud, high-spirited woman, comes into my hands, as chairman of the Committee on Applications, appealing for help. And we are giving it—giving, as in nearly all cases we do, in a quiet, delicate way to piece out what they may have in their home with chil-

dren or friends. Brethren, if such an hour shall come to you or your widow, what ought to be the attitude of our society toward you? What is your attitude toward the society now?

XII

OUR NEW YORK STATE MISSIONARY CONVENTION

OUR NEW YORK STATE MISSIONARY CONVENTION

Under this head I want to consider: 1. "The Convention"; 2. "Its Work"; 3. "Its Needs"; 4. "Why It Ought to Be Sustained."

1. Concerning the Convention, let me say that the Convention is our *State organization for the promotion of missionary work.* I like to emphasize this in a sentence or two because it is not clear to the minds of some of our people just what we stand for. Indeed, I am sometimes introduced on public platforms in such a way as to reveal the fact that the man introducing me does not know what I am there to represent. I can put it in a single sentence, so it can be carried away and recalled. It is the great family of Baptist churches, joining hands for service within the limits of the Empire State. So much for the organization.

2. Concerning the Work.

(1) *The Convention aims to promote the preaching of the gospel, the establishment and maintenance of Baptist churches.* Why

Baptist? Because Baptist churches more nearly realize our ideal of what constitutes a New Testament church than any other. The celebrated Archbishop Whately of the English Church once declared that if our religion is not true, not in harmony with the plainest teaching of the New Testament, then we ought to change it and make it true, but if it be true, then we are bound to propagate and perpetuate it. So I say if the things which our fathers and mothers believed, and for which some of them suffered, were not true, we ought to change them and make them true, but if they were true then we are bound to propagate and perpetuate them, and we are disloyal to their memories, and utterly unworthy of the great inheritance into which we have come by virtue of our relation to them, unless we do it.

Our aim then is to promote the preaching of the gospel, the establishment and maintenance of Baptist churches, always I trust in the spirit of the Master, and yet without any apology.

The last time Dean Stanley was on this side of the water he received the Baptist ministers of New York and vicinity, on a certain Monday morning, at the residence of Cyrus W. Field, where he was a guest. Doctor Armitage, who was then the Nestor

of our ministers, made an address in which he thanked the eminent man for some kind words he had said about Baptists, and what they had stood for through the centuries. Dean Stanley began to reply by saying, " Brethren, any denomination that has given to the world such poets as Milton, such dreamers as Bunyan, such preachers as Robert Hall, and such soldiers as Sir Henry Havelock, has no reason to apologize for its existence." So in view of our splendid history and achievement in this and other lands, I insist that we have no reason to apologize for our existence. Allow me, therefore, to repeat that in our State missionary work, we aim, without making any apology, first of all to promote the preaching of the gospel and the fostering of Baptist churches.

(2) *We aim to encourage our common educational interests.* No great denomination can be far-reaching and permanently successful in the world, except it give itself to, at least make wise provision for, the education of its own people. Martin B. Anderson appealing for a more liberal endowment for the University of Rochester, an institution to which he had given the larger part of a remarkable life, declared that Harvard College was the top, bottom, and side of Unitar-

ianism in New England. His contention was that in just so far as Unitarianism was inculcating its views in the life of the New England people, it was doing it through Harvard College rather than through its pulpits. At the installation of Henry W. Bellows as pastor of All Souls Church, New York, in 1838, William Ellery Channing was present and ventured the prophecy that in fifty years Unitarianism would be the ruling faith of New York. Fifty, yes, eighty years have gone, and you can count the places of Unitarian worship in New York on the fingers of one hand and not exhaust them. His prophecy has not been fulfilled then in New York? No, nor anywhere else, outside the immediate influence of Harvard College.

Now what I want to urge is that we Baptists ought all the while to use our educational institutions for the propagation of our denominational life, not rely upon them as Unitarianism has done. It goes without saying that the kind of an education we stand for in all our institutions is an all-round Christian education, because the more you educate, unless it be in every part of the nature, the more perilous young men and women may become to the highest and best interests of the people in the communities in

which they live. Some of the brightest men in this great State are behind prison walls, and there are others who ought to be there because utterly devoid of moral sense, trained mentally, socially, and politically, but not morally or religiously. The really dangerous man then is not always the ignorant man but the educated rascal. Captain Oberlin M. Carter was graduated at West Point thirty years ago at the head of his class. Indeed, if I am rightly informed, he holds the record for scholarship of all the young men graduated from that remarkable school, and yet in fifteen years from the time he was graduated he was in a military penitentiary in the West for robbing the Government that had educated him of more than five million dollars, because his education had failed to touch the moral side of his nature. More perilous, because only partially educated. So I say we stand for an all-round Christian education, and for more than a hundred years it has been a part of our duty to foster these institutions.

(3) *We aim also to encourage our denominational Sunday School work.* The motto of the New York State Sunday School Association, an interdenominational organization, is this, " The word of God by the hand of the living teacher, for every man,

woman, and child in our State." That is on all their stationery and on all their programs, and yet in spite of their influence and the influence of all our evangelical churches, we have in this great State a million boys and girls of school age not in any Sunday School, or under any positive religious influence anywhere. One-tenth of the whole population, an appalling fact! But, some one intimates, they are in down-town New York, in Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo, where the foreign elements are segregated. Just as large a part of them in proportion to the population are to be found in smaller cities, villages, and even in the countryside, as among what Mr. Beecher used to call the million-hearted common people in our great cities. I have been half of my life in such places, and I know what it is to make a careful canvass of a whole township. If you will do this anywhere, in city, town, or country, you will be amazed to find how many boys and girls there are of school age all about you, not in any Sunday School.

If this be true, then the ultimate hope for reaching and saving them is not alone in their environment. We have been emphasizing in our day, as never before, the importance of a pure and healthful environ-

ment in which our children can come to manhood and womanhood, and we cannot make too much of that, and yet all the while we realize that while their surroundings may be salutary, they are not necessarily saving. We shall save them only as we bring them into a right relation in their own spirits toward God as revealed in Jesus Christ. Edward Judson is reputed to have said concerning Hamilton, the seat of Colgate University, that there was more of character, piety, and culture there to a square foot than any place with which he was familiar; whereat Dean Burnham, of the Seminary, contended that he could parallel every crime in the catalog in that same beautiful town, and probably both were right. Chief Justice Chase was once on his way from Washington to his Western home, when he had occasion to step off the train onto the station platform of a West Virginia town, where the last rays of a summer sun were falling over the mountaintops and flooding the place with glory and beauty. "What a place to be born in! Patrick Henry was born here. No wonder he was one of the most eloquent men of the Colonial period," was his exclamation. "Yes," replied a hanger-on at the station, who heard the remark, "dem mountains and dat sunshine been here from time

immemorial, and there has never been but one Patrick Henry born here."

What did he mean? What I am just now insisting upon, that the determining factor in character and destiny for every child born into this world is not alone in the air they breathe, the sunshine that warms them, the song of the birds, or the perfume of the flowers. Not in anything without them, but within them, a right attitude toward God in their own spirits. Now, if there is any reason why we should have Baptist churches in this State, there are just as many reasons why we should have Baptist Sunday Schools, and logically, in the long run, we shall get one only as we foster the other. Incidentally we do other things, like the settlement of difficulties in churches, the bringing of churchless pastors and pastorless churches together, and the divine approval is on all that kind of effort, but primarily, all the while, we stand for the things I have indicated, the preaching of the gospel, the planting and fostering of Baptist churches, and the encouragement of our educational interests and our denominational Sunday School work.

3. Concerning the Needs. Let me give some facts that indicate the need and possibility of mission work in this State.

(1) *More than ten millions of people are in this territory.* In 1783, at the close of the Revolutionary war, there were less than two hundred thousand people, nearly all in the valleys of the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the Susquehanna rivers. But in 1918 there were more than ten million, and they were coming from lands beyond the sea, up to the time of the declaration of the world war, at the rate of a million and a quarter every year through New York harbor alone, thirty-three and a third per cent remaining on the soil of this State. Now what part of the whole population is in the membership of our Baptist churches? One in fifty-five. You wonder why we have so few? One reason is to be found in the fact just mentioned, the large number coming from other lands through the years, whose only conception of religious truth and religious life has been gained in the State churches of the Old World. Lest this statement be resented, let me say that I came that way myself. I am one of those immigrants. For fifty-six days and nights with my parents I was tossed on old ocean's wave between the harbors of Liverpool and Quebec, in an old sailing vessel that carried lumber from the Canadian forests one way and brought back immigrants, ten dollars a head and children half-

price, the other. So the first time I crossed the Atlantic I had three thousand miles of bed and board and travel for a five-dollar bill. When I had told this story in a New York pulpit a Columbia College professor suggested the reading of Professor Steiner's book, "The Trail of the Immigrant"—where he goes after landing here. I rather resented the suggestion, for I had read nearly all Steiner had put into print. In any case I did not need to read it, for out of experience I knew the way; these feet had trodden the "trail."

(2) *There are nearly a hundred villages of from one to five thousand people in the State without a Baptist church,* where your children or mine could not find a place in which God could be worshiped after the faith of their fathers. Of course I do not advocate the putting of a Baptist church in every one of these towns, for some of them are overchurched now. As a matter of fact, I do not favor the organization of a Baptist church anywhere merely for the sake of saying we have a church there, but only as it meets a real religious need. Doubtless in some of these towns there are people of our faith who ought to be inspired to erect a church and do our part in bringing the kingdom of God to the whole people.

(3) *There are four hundred Baptist churches with less than a hundred members.* Many of these, I am glad to state, are "serving their generation by the will of God" in a splendid way. But there are two hundred churches, more or less dependent, missionary churches that cannot, or think they cannot, keep their doors open without some outside financial help. What are the reasons for their dependent condition? Under the heading of "Causes of Weakness and Inefficiency" I have considered this in another chapter, and therefore indicate only one or two reasons here. Some of them have been the victims of unwise and unprincipled men in the ministry as pastors, for we have men in our ministry, and I am informed the same is true of other denominations, who can be relied upon to wreck a church in six months, if they can get into its pulpit. We protect the churches from these men just in so far as the churches themselves will permit us to do it.

Then other churches are the victims of their own financial meanness, they will not let loose enough cash to insure success. But these causes operate in the larger churches as well as in the smaller. Strong churches have been victimized by unwise and unprincipled men as pastors, and some of the

same class utterly fail to fulfil their God-given mission to the community and the world for financial reasons. Human nature in a little church averages up with human nature in a large church. Doctor Burlingham once said in my pulpit that human nature was a thing "quite prevalent," a good deal of it lying round in the pews of a Baptist church, and in proportion to the membership it is about the same in all churches, large and small.

When all allowances have been made for the frailties of human nature that can be made, here is the fact—we have two hundred dependent Baptist churches in this State. Now what shall be done with them? A prominent man where I had spoken on this phase of our work wanted to give advice, and that is about all some men give us. It is amazing how much advice you can get on almost any subject, "without money and without price." He suggested that we "wring the necks of a score of these little churches, and put them out of business." Radical and realistic treatment! Without arguing the question, allow me to say that nothing could be farther from the spirit of the Nazarene than indiscriminately to close up any considerable number of our little churches, and later on I'll tell you why.

"Combine them, two or three under one man, and let him serve them as best he can," is the suggestion of another. Exactly what we are doing. More than two hundred stations were served that way by missionary pastors and evangelists in a recent year, and the measure of the divine approval on the work is seen in the fact that nearly two thousand souls were added to our churches as the result.

It is worthy of mention that nearly eight hundred of our nine hundred and eighty-five churches in the State have at some time been ministered to in that way. Such churches as the First, Binghamton; First, Elmira; First, Syracuse, Rochester, and Batavia, are among them. It ought to be clearly understood that wherever aid is granted a church, it is with the understanding that it is to be temporary, to tide them over a crisis. Theodore Roosevelt pithily said: "If a man stumbles you can steady him, if he falls you can help him back to his feet; but if he lies down and refuses to get up, you cannot pick him up and permanently carry him." That is true of an individual, and it is equally true of a church. The greatest gift to any church is a man in its pulpit with the genius of leadership, one who can keep the people together with their faces toward God, which

means victory always. This is the type of men we are all the while on the lookout for, and we have a right to expect that our seminaries will be giving us an increasing number of them.

4. Reasons why the Convention Should be Sustained.

(1) Because *these churches are so largely our sources of supply.* Ministers, missionaries, musicians, artists, lawyers, doctors, editors, teachers, and engineers, men and women prominent in all the honorable callings of life get their earliest inspirations in these churches. In the chapters on "The Country Church" and "The Country Boy" many concrete illustrations are given. Not only for what they have been, then, but because of what they now mean to their communities, and to the coming generation, they must be fostered, kept alive and efficient.

(2) Because *they belong to our "household of faith."* "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially those who are of the household of faith," is the injunction of Scripture. I have a duty toward all men, but I am indebted to some men as I am not to all men. I love and am sympathetic toward all churches, but I have an obligation to one

church as to no other, and that one is mine. These dependent churches belong to our Baptist household of faith, and there is something wrong with our religion, if we are not responsive to an appeal in their behalf. In our family life I observe that all the members are tender toward the weaker ones. It ought to be the same here.

(3) Because of *the claim that weakness always has on strength.* "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and so fulfil the law of Christ." When the *Titanic* went down amid the icebergs of the North Atlantic, and the president of the White Star Line was among the first reported saved, while women and children perished by hundreds, we began to wonder whether he had "played the man" in saving himself and letting helpless women and children drown. I pass no judgment upon him, but I found the feeling against him much stronger in England than here, and the lurking suspicion that in that awful hour he had not recognized the claim that weakness has on strength has driven him out of official position. Shall we recognize that claim as we think of these dependent churches?

(4) *As a matter of State policy we must Americanize and Christianize these aliens*

among us. When Carey came back from India he appealed to England saying, "Unless England Christianizes India, India will heathenize England." So if we do not Christianize these strangers within our gates, they will heathenize us. Failing to do what we ought to do for them, what God expects us to do, with their rapid rate of increase, the time is coming when they will so far outnumber us that the question will no longer be what we will do with them, but what they will do with us. I am no pessimist. When confronted with two or three evils, the pessimist takes all of them. He blows out the candle, then complains of the dark. Though not pessimistic, I am constrained to say that in our dealing with these people, we are confronted with a problem, the like of which has confronted no generation in the past.

What the church, the nation, and what civilization is yet to be in this land is going to be determined by how we meet this crisis. A delicate and difficult task? Yes, so delicate and difficult that we shall succeed in any degree, only as we live and work in an atmosphere vitalized by the spirit of Jesus Christ. Thirty years ago, I went back to the little town in England, where I was born, and out of which my parents had taken me

many years before. At the close of the service in the church where they were once members, a sweet-faced woman announced herself as my mother's girl friend. She had been with my mother when she was baptized into that church, when she was married to my father, and when I was born into the world. Can you imagine how the deepest emotions of my heart were stirred as I looked into the face of that woman? "Give your mother my love, and give her this," she said, as she handed me a bulb, carefully wrapped and tied, with the direction to put it in rich soil and keep it in the sun. When I landed in New York I mailed the bulb to my mother in the old home with the directions of her girlhood friend, and when I went over the great snowdrifts the next March, to attend a funeral in that town, the south window in my mother's home was a mass of beautiful flowers. She had put the bulb in rich soil and kept it in the sun. So you and I will blossom, come to the best that is in us, and do our work, delicate and difficult though it may be, only as we live and work in the sun, in an atmosphere vitalized by the spirit of Jesus Christ.

XIII

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

In this chapter I want to speak of the alien peoples, those who are spoken of in the Old Testament as "the stranger within thy gates." It will be a matter of surprise to some of our readers to know how numerous they are, to know that since 1820, when the period of modern immigration began, between twenty-six and twenty-seven millions have come to us from lands beyond the sea. More than sixteen millions of them are now alive, and from thirty-five to forty-five millions, nearly one-half the population of the Republic, are either foreign-born, or the children of foreign-born. When I was a little boy in a northern New York public school I was the only English-born boy there. When any of the pupils wanted in any way to humiliate me, he would sneer at me and speak of me as "that Englishman," without ever mentioning my name. All knew who was meant. No sane child would attempt to humiliate another in that way today, for every other man, wo-

man, or child met with in all the walks of life is either foreign-born or a child of foreign-born. The great mass of these foreigners are here for the same reason that my father and mother came—to better their material condition. The mass of them are therefore utterly out of harmony with the genius and spirit of our free institutions, civil and religious.

We have in them our peril, our opportunity, and our responsibility.

They Are Our Peril. Statesmen of the Old World for fifty years have been asking how long the Republic could endure with that vast mass of unassimilated material cast in upon our shores every year, for they were coming at the rate of three people in every minute of time, day and night, year in and out. In our better moments we have been asking the same question ourselves, and we cannot ask it too thoughtfully or prayerfully. But what shall be done with them? Only one answer can be given. We must do what we have been trying to do with them in the past, absorb them, and make them a part of us. If you ask if that can be done and how? I reply, By what some one has spoken of as the "miracle of assimilation," and the "image and superscription" borne by the output will depend upon the dominating fac-

tor in the process. If we make that factor preeminently Christian, there need be no anxiety as to the outcome, but if we allow it to be anything else, then the future will be uncertain for us. For myself, I am optimistic, and perhaps that is because I am one of them.

I honestly think we have been getting in these people through the years, at least in brawn and muscle, about what we have needed. If we were seeking to reinvigorate the national stock, where should we go? Not to London, for the mass of the people in the lowly walks of English life are sodden with drink. We who have been there for a summer have been appalled at the conditions. Nor would we go to Glasgow or Edinburgh, for a charming Scotch gentleman declared to me that he could not conceal from himself the sad fact that the Scotch race is weakening in the fiber from strong drink. Beautiful Edinburgh, where he has spent all his life, is celebrated for two things, the manufacture of theological books and of Scotch whiskey, the one calculated to neutralize the other. Not to London or Edinburgh, certainly not in Paris, should we go to reenforce the national stock. Where then? Among the peasant peoples in the heart of the continent of Europe, and it is from these

countries that the bulk of immigrants have been coming.

I am optimistic also because I believe in God, believe that he loves them, and has a purpose in their coming here. More than that, I believe that he has confidence in our American Christianity, and that we will do what ought to be done for them. If you ask me how I know he loves them, I answer as Mr. Lincoln did when he had made the statement that God loved the great mass of homely common people of whom he was a part, and some one asked him how he knew God loved them. "He would not have made so many of us had he not loved us," was his reply. So I say, Did not our God love these people and have a purpose to serve in their coming, he would not allow so many of them to be within our gates. A college professor returning from a tour of Europe became interested in a poor woman and her children coming out in the steerage to join her husband who had preceded her and made a home for them in the far West. As they neared our shores she became increasingly anxious lest she should miss the train that would take her to her loved one. He reassured her by telling her he had often been that way and would see her safely on her train. As they walked

from the dock to the station, in order that the grip he carried in one hand might not collide with the child she was leading, he stepped over on the inside of the walk, conscious that it was hardly the thing for him to do. He had not gone a block when a little Yiddish boy, only a few months on this side of the sea, railed out at him saying: "You greenhorn! Don't you know that American gentlemen don't walk on the insides but on the outsides the ladies?" Only a few months within our gates, and yet open and responsive to the spirit of deference to womanhood, found here as nowhere else under the sun! And if open to that spirit then open to every other. If we are the "chosen and elect" among all the nations we shall see to it that the Christian spirit is brought to bear upon them. Whether the Republic shall endure or go the way of all republics in the past will be determined by our attitude toward and our spirit in dealing with these peoples.

Just before the war Theodore Roosevelt declared that the great question after all before the nation was not a social, political, or material question, but a moral and religious one, our dealing with the stranger within our gates. Steiner closes a great chapter in one of his books with the state-

ment that in our dealing with the stranger we are weaving either a wedding-garment or a winding-sheet for the Republic.

We have more than a passing interest in this problem because it is so large a factor in our State work. While we have been thinking of home missions in connection with the frontier and the far West, New York State has become one of the greatest home mission fields on the continent, if not on the globe. Depopulate, take away the last man, woman, and child from twenty-three States and Territories in the West today, and you can repeople them from the Empire State alone tomorrow, and have enough people left to carry on business. In our population of more than ten millions we have between sixty and seventy nationalities. A New York newspaper recently stated that thirty men employed in a factory on the East Side were born and grew to manhood in the little town of Haran, where Terah the father of Abram died when on the way to the Land of Promise. Representatives of all the nations of the earth within our gates! Just as the tides of old ocean force their way through the Narrows, up the Hudson into the heart of this great State, so the tides of immigration have gone all over this territory. I travel thirty thousand miles an-

nually in this State, but I do not go so far afield anywhere that I do not find them. Neglected and left to themselves, they are a menace to all we hold dear.

But We Have in Them also Our Opportunity. The Great Commission in part at least can be carried out through them. The word "Go" may now be translated "give," no longer a question of latitude and longitude, but of attitude and spirit. Note some of the advantageous circumstances under which we can carry out the Commission to all the nations, as represented by these strangers within our gates.

1. *The unity and freedom of our institutions.* One of the obstacles to the propagation of the gospel in Oriental lands has been the caste spirit, a kind of insurmountable Chinese Wall, through or over which there can be no communication. Nothing like that in our land; nearly fifty principalities under one ruler, speaking practically one language, living under one code of laws, and having easy approach one to another by great lines of intercommunication and travel; a free Church in a free State, where the only question asked about anybody is not where they were born, or who their parents were, but what they are, and what they can do. At the close of a service in a great church in

New York where I had spoken I had an invitation for dinner from a well-to-do Presbyterian lady, living in a brown-stone front. The invitation was gladly accepted, not because of her wealth or social standing, but because when I was a barefoot boy going about the town where she resided, doing errands to make my contribution toward the family life as all of us in that immigrant home needed to do, she never allowed me to pass her door without a kind word or a smile, and when I canvassed the village for books to meet the expense of my second year in college, she said, "Yes, I will buy anything you have to sell, not because I need it, but because I want to help a boy who is struggling up." Emerson long ago declared that America was only another name for opportunity. Here the "barefoot boy" can come up from the lowliest places to positions of responsibility and influence. Where in all the earth is there another land with such opportunity and such possibilities? That is the first advantageous circumstance for the carrying out of the Great Commission to all the nations represented by the stranger within our gates.

2. *On our own soil and in our own climate.* A college classmate of mine went out to the Orient as a missionary, and in a few

months was stricken with fever. Today he lies in a lonely grave at the foot of the Himalayas, a victim to the climate. After five and thirty years of wanderings in Africa David Livingstone died on his knees in his lonely tent, with the Dark Continent on his heart, because his quinine had given out. Heathenism is dotted all over with the graves of our heroic missionary dead, the victims of the savage, the climate, and the wild beasts. "Their graves have been the stepping-stones of empire" the world over. The time has now come when we can be factors in the great missionary enterprise without leaving our own land.

3. *In our own language.* One reason why the progress of religious truth has been so slow in foreign lands is the fact that only a small part of any seminary class has a genius for the mastery of a foreign tongue. Some men out there for the lifetime of a generation are not even now at home in the language. When pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian church Dr. William Adams prophesied that in fifty years English would be the universal tongue, and his prophecy seems to be rapidly fulfilling. On a lecture tour around the world Joseph Cook was booked to speak in a large hall in Calcutta. When the hour arrived he expressed regret

that he could not speak to the people in their own tongue. The mayor of the city who was presiding assured him that he might dismiss his interpreter and speak in English, for there were not a score present who would not comprehend him as fully as if he were speaking in Tremont Temple, Boston, and he excused the interpreter and spoke in English.

You can go round the globe today, in the great highways of travel, speaking English. A careful estimate shows that more than two hundred out of every thousand speak English, while only thirty or forty speak French or German. When Howard B. Grose wrote his illuminating account of the Missionary Conference in Edinburgh in 1910 for "Missions," he stated that of all the nations represented there only one report was made through an interpreter, all the rest reported in English. English is fast becoming the universal tongue! Newell Dwight Hillis recently asserted that the time was coming when one-fifth of the human race would be living on the American Continent, North and South America, all speaking English. Now if for social, political, educational, and business reasons all these peoples speak English—and it is amazing how soon most of them do—why not take advantage

of that fact and give them the gospel in English? In localities where they are segregated, as in East Utica, with one-fifth of the population of the city in a "Little Italy," we must give the gospel at least to the first generation in Italian, but even then we insist upon services in English, or they lose the children and the young people. I have seen a letter in Martin B. Anderson's own handwriting in which he declared that the German department in Rochester Theological Seminary would be only a temporary affair, for ultimately all our work would be done in English. After speaking on this subject at the Dutchess Association where Dr. E. W. Clark, forty-one years in the Naga Hills, was present, I was surprised and delighted to have his approval of the position taken. More than that, he was confident the time would come when our work in foreign lands would be done in English, certainly wherever the English flag flies. This would make it possible for every Christian man and woman to be active in real missionary work.

4. *It is the Scriptural order,* "beginning at Jerusalem." John R. Mott, who has been several times around the globe in the interests of missions, coined a phrase, and has written a book under a title that has been

made the watchword of the Laymen's Movement, " The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," insisted in the Student Volunteer convention in Rochester that it was idle to think of such a thing, unless we begin with the man and woman nearest to us. Then one-third of all these strangers some time go back to the homeland, and all life there is being revolutionized by American methods. A friend of mine, making a summer tour in those lands, saw the first heating apparatus ever installed to make a house comfortable in a town of several thousand, and the first plate-glass window ever put in there for the display of goods. Both jobs were done by men who had been ten or fifteen years in the United States. Now I repeat, make that American spirit preeminently Christian, and you have taken a long step toward evangelizing the communities where they go. Just here I should like to ask what kind of representation we are having in those lands by men and women who for years have lived here in our own neighborhoods? What has been our attitude toward them while here? It is a serious question, but one that, some time, somewhere, will have to be met.

John Fiske in his volume on " The Making of New England " has a great chapter on

"Nation Making." In the welding together of primitive, shifting tribes into stable and powerful nations he thinks we can discern three widely different methods that have been followed at different times and places, with widely different results. The first method was the Oriental, where one tribe conquered another, but did not incorporate it. Many of the old despotisms in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates originated in that way. The second method was the Roman, and may be described as conquest with incorporation. The secret of Rome's strength lay in the fact that she incorporated the people she had vanquished into her own body politic. In that way the whole Mediterranean world was under one government, but it failed ultimately in that it lacked the principle of representation, and therefore ended in despotism. The third method was the English, and it was different from the Oriental and the Roman in that it contained the principle of representation. That was the great idea struggling for supremacy in the Puritan revolution under Cromwell in England. The struggle was finally transferred by the Puritans to our own land and found its highest and fullest development in our own day. That idea John Fiske insists has come to rule and come to stay.

Have we not here an indication of the steps to be taken in dealing with these people? *Conquest, incorporation, representation.* Conquer them by the power of the gospel, incorporate them into our churches, not set them apart in mission halls, and then give them representation, make them our representatives to their own people the world over. The continued existence of our churches in many localities depends on doing just that thing. Some fine old historic buildings in great cities are closed, the people who once worshiped there gone to heaven or to the suburbs. The field is deserted on the ground that there are no longer any people of the class to whom we have been accustomed to minister left there. Only another way of saying that we have been ministering to a class, not a mass, been a club not a church.

The same is true in some rural sections. I recall a church where I used to go when I was a boy on a farm, and where practically all the members were Scotch, a Scotch Presbyterian church. There were the Camerons, the Creightons, the McBeths, the Monteiths, the McIntyres, the McIntoshes, the MacQueens, the Robertsons, and the Stewarts, and so on to the end of the list. After nearly fifty years I find not more than one

out of five or six families Scotch. The farms have been gradually taken up by the Swedes, the Dutch, the Poles, the Danes, and the Norwegians. As these strangers have come into the region through the years, the official men of that church have given them a cordial welcome and a place. It still is a Scotch Presbyterian church, though only now and then a Scotchman is left. The continued life of that church depended on readjusting itself to the new and changed conditions, the thing that must be done in many other places, in city, town, and country. The new material all about them must be laid hold of and assimilated. "But," said one man, "our people would hardly care to have them in our pews," and doubtless many others feel the same way. The existence of your church may depend on that step, and the real test of your religion may come along that line in the future.

We Have in these Strangers, finally, Our Responsibility. Austin Phelps in his last days declared that the immediate evangelization of our own country would mean more for the redemption of the whole world than that of any similar piece of territory. So it seems to me that the evangelization of the Empire State with more than ten millions of people would mean more to the redemption

of the nation than that of any other section. Dwellers along the Rhine combine their interests, buy portable mills, anchor them out in the stream, and take their grain out there for grinding. They utilize the currents of the historic river. It is a docile servant, never striking for higher wages, never takes a day off, and never gets intoxicated or unfit for service. Standing in some such way amid these great currents, migrations of people, the very stars in their courses serve us. Anyhow when there, we are in the place of duty, and the man or woman standing in the path of duty is in the highway to real greatness and splendid achievement always.